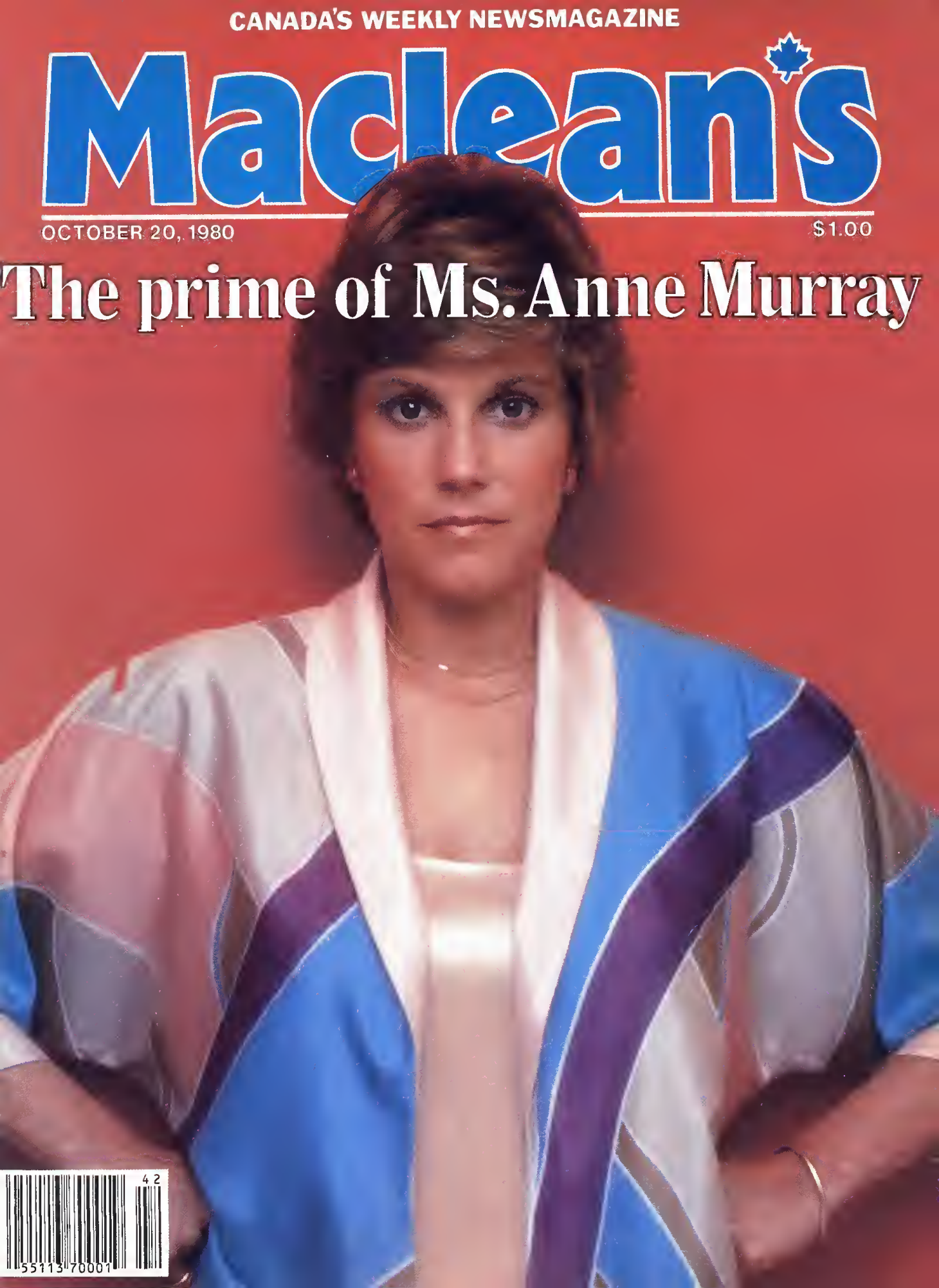
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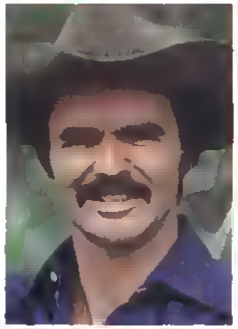
One plaster Rastus

Are lawn ornaments that depict blacks as jockeys more than kitsch? In a bizarre Ontario trial, citizens last week were accused of "racism and lackiness" Page 25

France's nuclear gamble

Blithely ignoring all ecological outcries and rising costs France is still racing ahead with the West's most ambitious and controversial nuclear energy program Page 30







COVER PHOTO BY GALAXIA LTD

COVER STORY

The prime of her life

Ten years ago her first hit song *Snowbird*, climbed the charts. Six years later she was broke. But now Anne Murray, the girl next door from Springhill, N.S., is soaring with sellout concerts, four Juno Awards this year alone and the title "female artist of the decade" in the Canadian record industry. She has become the kind of international star Canada has rarely known Page 42

Smokey in ill repute

Burt Reynolds won't play the sheriff in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* unless he is allowed to turn the 62-year-old character into a young macho 35-year old Page 40

Office-world puppeteer

Winnipegger William Pollock is sole owner of Drake International. The world's third-largest personnel company. Worth $50 million, he did it entirely his way Page 12



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Editorial

When it came to diplomacy, Ford had a better idea



By Peter C. Newman

At a time when most of Canada's public servants are neither behaving as servants nor giving a damn about the public (and our steely nerved air-flight controllers are acting goofy), it's a pleasure to pay tribute to an individual who has decorated Ottawa's payroll for 40 years.

Robert Arthur Douglass Ford, who officially retires this week as Canada's ambassador to the U.S.S.R., has long been Canada's most distinguished representative abroad, having spent the past 16 years in Moscow, nine of them as dean of the diplomatic corps. In his sparsely furnished second-floor embassy apartment on Starokonyushenny Pereulok, he held court to visiting diplomats, businessmen, journalists and other wayfarers, ever willing to share his finely honed appreciation of the Kremlin's subtleties and intrigues. To have been briefed by Ford—as I was during my last trip to Moscow a year ago—was to obtain not just firsthand information about Soviet intentions, but to get a *feeling* for what the Russian people were thinking.

This was possible because Ford—who first came to Moscow as the embassy's chargé d'affaires in the early 1950s and returned as ambassador in 1964—not only spoke Russian but mastered the language to a degree that his poetry was published in U.S.S.R. journals. This allowed him unique entry into the forbidden world of the Soviet intellectual elite. His translations into English of Pasternak, Esenin and Akhmadulina became standard texts. (An accomplished linguist, Ford has also translated poetry from French, Portuguese and Serbo-Croatian.)

His own three slim volumes of verse (one of which won a Governor-General's Award in 1956) are a tally of dissolving forms, faceless walkers, unrequited love. "Ford," the critic Miriam Waddington once wrote, "is absolutely honest without being confessional, and completely unsentimental. He often has awkward moments, but never false ones."

Ford is remarkable for the equanimity with which he faces his contest against muscular atrophy (which hit him at 20, when he was given a year to live). He is able to walk only a few yards at a time with the help of a complicated set of crutches, his face a mask of agony. Mortality is a constant companion in his poetry. "Now I can talk freely because death is in bed with me," he writes. "That is the advantage of knowing death young. It has a vast familiarity." It was both a mark of respect and a concession to his handicap that he was the only nonmember of the Soviet presidium allowed to use elevators inside the Kremlin.

What we need is a few more Bob Fords and one less Andy Stewart.

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Monetarism in the lab

By Carol Kennedy



Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, Canada's transplanted economic guru, said a few weeks ago that he was grateful, "as an American," for the "stalwart and unequivocal way" in which the Thatcher government had embraced the stern monetarist philosophy of his co-patriot, Milton Friedman. Britain was "much the best country in which to try the experiment," he continued, "partly, though not entirely, because it is not the United States."

A number of *Observer* readers that Sunday might have been forgiven a cynical curl of the lip. It's all very well for advocates of monetarism abroad to egg on its trial in Britain. And trial is the word, as more than two million unemployed and 1,638 bankrupt companies in the first nine months of 1980 attest. But Galbraith, far from defending the Friedmanites, believes monetarism cannot work. His gratitude to Britain is that a stable, phlegmatic society, cushioned by efficient social security and tolerance of new ideas, should be the testing ground to prove its unworkability. Friedman's remedy, said Galbraith, "is consistent with his ideal world. It is only that his ideal does not exist. ... It is not an experiment one would wish to risk in France, Italy, Northern Ireland or, I think, the United States. ..."



Thatcher: the monatarist debate may be short-lived

Phlegmatic and tolerant Britain may have been thus far of Thatcher's purgative prescription. The government's strategy, which rests essentially on curbing excess money in the system—and thus government borrowing and, it contends, inflation—has resulted in a credit squeeze threatening the very fabric of Britain's manufacturing base. It has also thrown economic forecasters into disarray, damaged a large part of the Tories' natural vote and provoked disaffection ranging from the governor of the Bank of England (whom Thatcher personally bawled out for his failure to control the money supply) to a boiler-suited working-class Tory at last week's party convention who urged the prime minister to sack hard-line monetarist Sir Keith Joseph, the industry secretary, send home Milton Friedman and bring back former prime minister Ted Heath, an opponent of Thatcherism.

The great monetarist debate is being conducted on two levels: that of the average citizen and that of the economists themselves. Among the latter, the Keynesians who have ruled so long with their belief in deficit spending and demand management, have taken to the hills. The argument is now not so much about the merits of monetarism as its methods. Principally, whether the amount of money circulating can be more effectively controlled by high interest rates, as at present, or by the more nitty-gritty system of limiting the actual notes and cash held at the Bank of England. This is known as base control, and it is Thatcher's latest enthusiasm. However, the chief problem with monetary base control, its critics contend, is that interest rates become even more volatile, with the supply-and-demand factor ensuring that the price of credit shoots up. While pure monetarists don't mind this, everyone else, from the homeowner with a mortgage to the exporter struggling with the results of foreign "hot money" pushing up the pound, most certainly does.

The debate may be a short-lived one. Part of the government's problem these past months has been that it was never quite sure of its own money-supply figures. In July and August, the money supply recorded an alarming surge of eight per cent, but the September figures, released last week, showed only a modest rise of less than one per cent and a distinct fall in the rate of bank lending. Was this the first halcyon sign of success for the beleaguered Thatcherites? The money supply is still well in excess of the government's seven-to 11-per-cent goal this year, and Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe last week forecast two more years of belt-tightening before Britain could expect to embark on sustained economic growth.

But inflation is certainly falling, even if the figures are fudged by technicalities like the removal from the Retail Prices Index of the Tories' severe hike in sales tax the recession, as much as the credit squeeze, has had its impact here. The wild card, however, and the one that could throw the whole game, is unemployment. Already one Tory minister has admitted that the cost of supporting the unemployed—some $19 billion, will make nonsense of curbing the borrowing requirement. The authoritative U.S. research group, Chase Econometrics, recently produced a very gloomy report on Britain's long-term prospects, predicting that unemployment will reach more than three million by 1987. "Extreme financial orthodoxy" by British governments since 1973 has meant, the report said, that "all the benefits of North Sea oil have been taken in the form of a higher exchange rate rather than in faster growth."

"It is quite something," wrote economics correspondent William Keegan in *The Observer* recently, "for a government to boast self-sufficiency in oil and simultaneously preside over a level of unemployment not only higher than anything seen since the 1930s but continuing to rise at a rate unheard of in post-war Britain." And John Biffen, hard-line second-in-command at the Treasury, when asked by *The Guardian* what would happen if controlling the money supply did not cure inflation, or in doing so destroyed a large part of the industrial fabric, replied gloomily: "In that case, I suppose a controlled economy would be very attractive."

Carol Kennedy is *Maclean's* London correspondent




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Just tell it like it is

'Journalists are the conduits, the translators of information'

By Jack McAndrew



I was watching the windup of the constitutional conference on CBC television that Saturday morning. The first ministers and their officials had cleared the room, leaving it to Knowlton Nash and his crew of floor reporters to indulge in observation, analysis and interpretation of what had transpired. What the boys were preoccupied with was the question—who won? Their discussion had all the depth of the sort of inane analysis of the obvious that follows any televised sports contest. The emphasis on the performance of the players rendered the week of argument on the shape and future of my country to the relevance of an Argonaut football game. I don't care much whether Pierre Trudeau or the premiers came off first or second-best. I do care a lot about which conceptual basis of Canada will best serve Canadians.



CHARLES JAFFE

This preoccupation with confrontation and personality at the expense of concept and issue is symptomatic of a trend in contemporary journalism in which the world is viewed as a sort of gigantic wrestling match. Electronic journalism, with its penchant for oversimplification and personalization, is the worst and most obvious offender. But print journalism has been quick to fall in line. It is as though the masses are judged to be incapable of understanding anything more complex than good guys and bad guys. It is judged more *entertaining* to focus on personality and confrontation instead of explanation.

A recent article in the *Washington Journalism Review* noted that in the view of Madison Avenue, "Young and vibrant people do not read long magazine articles. It is deemed impossible to be simultaneously vibrant and possessed of a long attention span." Since almost all media depend on advertising revenue in order to flourish, the influence of the marketeers on the nature of information is obvious.

Nowadays we are inundated with information. The paradox is that as the technology of communication has made information more accessible, the quality and substance of information has diminished. Performance and style take precedence over concept and issue. Gossip masquerades as comment. The cute and clever quip passes for insightful reasoning. The messenger is more important than the message. Thought is boring. Contemplation is time-consuming. The pursuit of excellence requires both, as well as instinct and discipline, and is therefore expendable.

As quality declines, presumption consumes those who purport to inform us. We are told by Peter C. Newman that people "need to have events interpreted for them." No thanks, Mr. Newman. If you want to write an opinion piece, be my guest, but label it so. Don't present me with facts filtered through a reporter's subjective judgment. I don't trust them. Few possess the ideals, instinct, ability, discipline or powers of deductive reasoning to instil any confidence in me. When you permit subjective judgment to influence the deduction, implication and interpretation of factual information in the guise of straight reportage, you have given licence for all kinds of abuse.

While I was running CBC-TV variety, I had occasion to delay broadcast of a *Front Page Challenge* episode until after an Ontario election campaign because it contained partisan political statements. Unbeknownst to me, a political functionary had telephoned a CBC vice-president to achieve the same end as I was screening the program and making my decision. The next day a Toronto newspaper carried a story in which the CBC was portrayed as giving in to political pressure. Since the reporter had not contacted me, I called him to tell him that he had his facts wrong. He listened to my version of events and responded with, "Oh yeah, that's what you say."

That night the CBC's national party line, *As It Happens*, picked up the newspaper story and went even further in claiming the CBC had bowed to political pressure. When I asked the program producer for the source of her information, she replied that she had used the newspaper story. Neither had fully checked the facts. Both wanted to believe the interpretation of political pressure.

What the incident means to those who look to the media for facts is that journalists are able to indulge in as much subjectivity in reportage as they can get away with, especially if it makes a more colorful story or fits a popular bias. The dogma of subjective reporting holds that since objectivity is, finally, an unrealizable ideal, the pursuit of objectivity is a waste of time. It is true that there is an inherent subjectivity in the assemblage, selection, order and context of presentation of the facts. But, to argue that the pursuit of the ideal is a useless exercise is to argue that the pursuit of a life based on Christian ideals is useless because Christians can never enter the perfect state of grace of Christ. To err in the pursuit of any ideal is human, but that does not render the pursuit pointless.

If journalists are to assume the role and responsibility of providing us with information, from which we can make our own judgments and take our own perceptions of issues and events, then that information should come to us unsullied by subjectivity. Journalists are the conduits, the translators of information. That base is admittedly narrow in definition, but it is where it all begins. The shifting and subjective doctrine of "fair comment" is no substitute for an ideal of absolute objectivity as the fundamental ethic in which the public can place its trust.

Former head of CBC TV variety, Jack McAndrew is a free-lance writer and broadcaster in Toronto.

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Dateline: Pakistan

Out of one hell and into another

It's a sad story that the Pakistani commanders of Afghan refugee camps have to tell. In the area around the northwest frontier province town of Peshawar, they complain they haven't been paid for three months. But when one representative of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) expressed his concern at the failure of Pakistan's military government to pay the wages with international handouts being liberally provided, the camp commander offered to buy him a Coke. The UNHCR man recalled that when the commander pulled out his wallet, it was bulging with 100-rupee notes. Like so many places in the world, it's child's play taking money off the UN. There is very little control and hardly any accounting. As one UNHCR employee said bitterly: "Really, we are an operation without balls."



BENEDOW-MILLER SERVICES

Afghan refugee camp near Khyber Pass: taking money off the UN is child's play

Last year, the UN budget to help Afghan refugees was $12 million. In February this year, it had gone up to $64 million. By June, a supplementary budget took it to more than $114 million. It's known locally as "the great refugee ripoff." And no one has any idea how to curb the corruption which, at a conservative estimate, is siphoning off at least $22 million a year.

"UNHCR has enough staff to conduct the operation, but not to do thorough checking," commented one Western diplomat. "Most of the food, clothing, bedding, medical supplies and tents are distributed through local officials. A lot is simply siphoned off." The easiest way of doing this is by falsifying the numbers of refugees. The Pakistanis claim that more than one million Afghans have fled into their country following the Soviet invasion. In the province of Baluchistan, the official number of refugees is 195,233. UNHCR men believe it is closer to 100,000. In one case in the Peshawar area, UNHCR officials went to a camp expecting to find the 60 people for whom relief had been claimed. They could find only five.

The UN is used to turning a blind eye to Third World corruption which usually runs at about 10 per cent, but the extent of the Pakistani fraud is demoralizing many workers. Not only are supplies being claimed for refugees who simply do not exist, but the hundreds of thousands of men, women and children actually there and in need don't even get their basic entitlement. Their supplies are collected for them—sometimes by leaders of Afghan rebel groups—and a proportion of the supplies are immediately taken to the market and sold.

"Quite a lot of UNHCR money ends up as weapons for the rebels," one of the UN workers said. "I just wish we could do something about it. Just about everything is wrong. There are refugee camps right on the border, which we don't like. We want to bring the people out of the danger zone, but when we ask the Pakistanis to do this they just smile and shrug. The International Red Cross wants to fulfil their classic function of providing field hospitals for the sick and the wounded, yet the government flatly refuses to let them do it. Recently in Parachinar [a border town on the refugee trail from Afghanistan], an Afghan boy was admitted to the government hospital with his arm blown off. They charged his parents the equivalent of about $300—a huge amount for refugees. We know this is true, because we saw the accounts. The Red Cross would have done it for free."

Increasingly, the wounded who come from Afghanistan—after three or four agonizing days riding on mules, with the minimum of medication for shattered limbs—are victims of a new Soviet campaign. The Soviets are relying more and more on antipersonnel mines and booby traps to combat the jihad (holy war) of the Islamic guerrillas. Soviet touch-bombs, concealed in light green plastic and capable of blowing off a hand or foot, are being scattered from helicopters over paths and mountain passes and larger, more deadly land mines are planted around villages.

Khan Wazir, an elderly Afghan, lying in a ward at the Khyber Hospital with his clothes still filthy and bloodstained and his knee shattered by a mine, said that two weeks ago Soviet tanks surrounded his village of Khowst in Paktia province. Then they sent in four supporters of President Babrak Karmal's Soviet-backed regime to address the people. Wazir said that while these men were making speeches, promising the villages money and arms if they would oppose the Mujahideen (rebels), the Soviets were busy burying land mines around the outskirts. Presumably, if the villagers had agreed to help the Soviets, they would then have been warned to stay away from certain areas. In this case, Khan Wazir said the people grew angry and killed the Afghan agents. The Soviets retaliated by sending in an air strike. As the villagers ran for cover, one group blundered into a newly laid minefield. Wazir said: "About 30 of us were running along a path and this mine exploded. Nine died immediately. Eleven of us were injured."

The number of casualties caused among groups of people strung out along a road or path indicates that the Soviets may be using bombs designed to send shrapnel scything at knee-height over a wide area. There are constant reports that Soviet helicopters have also scattered booby-trapped toys shaped like parrots, and exploding cigarette packets, pens, lighters, watches and calculators. At the casualty department of the Lady Reading Hospital in Peshawar, Dr. A.M. Safi confirmed that he had personally treated seven or eight booby-trap victims, including children. "They have blast injuries of hands and feet—fingers and toes absolutely blown off," Safi said. "It is very strange. Only one hand or one foot would be affected, and there would be no other injury on the body. They would say, 'We saw these toys and we wanted to pick them up, and there was an explosion.'"

Peter Niesewand

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After three centuries, Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.

Puppeteer of the office world

By Roderick McQueen

Three young lovelies fill one of the green banquettes, their upwardly nubile bodies struggling to be free of the scanty scraps that pass for dresses. A man alone spends the cocktail hour on the phone, plugged into wherever he isn't. Reservations required even for a drink in the famed Polo Lounge, a grotto deep within the sunbaked Beverly Hills Hotel where the great and the small alike come thirsty for drink, drama and delusion. It's a dark soul of a place for those who wish they were on the way up. Or worry that they're on the way down.

The man who pauses in the darkling doorway is neither. Bill Pollock rides in on an idea reared in Winnipeg, oblivious to the famous, unknown to all, needing no one within his sight or within his ken. At 22 a founder, William R. Pollock is now, at 51, chief executive and sole owner of Drake International, the world's third-largest personnel company. Since 1951, he has propelled an idea into Office Overload and beyond to Drake, umbrella for 25 related companies, 358 branches, 2,500 full-time employees and annual sales of $200 million in eight countries. An amazing 70 per cent of Canada's white-collar clerical workers have passed through his doors at some time. His firms place 300,000 people each year in part-time jobs as nurses, guards, typists, programmers. His personal worth is $50 million.

Tonight there is something more mundane on his mind. Slight perspiration beads his upper lip, the only sign of controlled discomfort as he battles a heavy cold picked up somewhere in the three countries he has travelled these past two weeks. Cures? "I'm on everything," he offers, because full tilt is the only speed for this man who, more than any other individual, will dictate how the office of the future will function. His only extravagance is a collection of two dozen French Aubusson tapestries which decorate his apartments in Geneva and Los Angeles, his offices from Sydney to Toronto. There is also the Rolls at his personal headquarters in Monaco, a company Mercedes in Switzerland, a Seville in California. It is not material things that matter, though, it is his work. "I don't do anything I don't choose to do," he says. It is both power and freedom to him to travel seven months of the year, touching his global empire with little leisure except the odd evening of dancing at Annabel's in London, England, some salmon at Jimmy's on L.A.'s San Marino Drive, or steak and a salad at Hy's in Toronto. "All I want out of life," he claims, "is everything." But even holidays are little more than business from a different room and show his utter isolation from the real world. During a visit to a hotel in the south of France, he was bothered by noise from a nearby room. The hotel refused to move the offending party because, they said, it was a celebrity. Pollock persisted, won, and later proudly announced, knowing he had done something to a *somebody*: "I had them move Mick Juggler."



Pollock: the men who will shape the office, and the worker, of the future

A few days away is but another blip on the constant radar screen that is his life, where workaholic is too weak a word, where doing is not just compulsive, it *matters*. When he joined the elite Young Presidents' Organization, where membership requires making $1 million by age 40, the 120 new fellow members were tested on need for achievement and power. A $40 pot was to be split between the two people who scored highest on each. He won the whole pot. A smile warms his tanned face as he recalls the moment, but his brown eyes remain filled with glinting steel bits. They are eyes quite separate from the rest of his face, peering deep within another's being, taking stock and taking charge. He quotes a favorite saying: "'For those whose work and pleasure align, they are fortune's favorite children.' When you talk about workaholics, it sounds as if that's something bad. I'd say how lucky we are." Pollock once revealed his ultimate power fantasy to a colleague. "If I had a computer and lived on the moon, I could run the world."

Youngest of nine children, he was born at home on Winnipeg's working-class Weatherdon Avenue, his father a brake tester in the CN yards. After graduation from commerce at the University of Manitoba in 1949, he spent six months in a bizarre quest for a business, any business, he could run. He tested dozens including egg candling, debt collection, jockstrap manufacture—even jewelry sales to Manitoba's Mennonite farmers, unaware they didn't buy such baubles. That October, he swallowed the dream and began selling office equipment for Burroughs, telling a Winnipeg busi-



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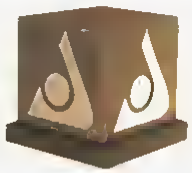
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nessman his ambition was to become a millionaire. Advised the businessman "Never ever say that again. With that goal out there eluding you, you are always going to be a disappointed and unhappy man." Pollock kept quiet, not because he agreed, but because he didn't believe. Within 10 years, he had not only made the first million, he had long since set new and higher goals, carrying others upward with him. "That's why most people are here," says Drake colleague Tom Carmichael today. "To catch the same star."

Pollock and friend Jim Shore, a Remington business machine salesman, began the Business Service Center in Winnipeg on June 1, 1951, to do seasonal inventory for the Hudson's Bay Co. Sole full-time employee was Jim's wife, Jackie, in a $35-a-month office in the McIntyre building. The two men looked in on their lunch hour and lost money that first year. In the second year, they changed the name to Office Overload as they saw other temporary employment needs. They both quit their full-time jobs in 1953 with bachelor Pollock moving to Toronto to seek head office business, leaving co-president and family man Shore behind to run Winnipeg. By 1958, the two were known as the gold dust twins and Office Overload was in five Canadian cities (Vancouver, Montreal and Hamilton had been added) and Los Angeles. Most of the early building was done by Pollock, because Shore was active in charity and church work, with flying his only excess. Once, when the wind caught his P-51 Mustang on takeoff at Minneapolis, Shore crashed, destroying everything but the cockpit, and walked away uninjured.

June 9, 1967, however, was different. His son Jim, then 13, was at Gods Lake about 550 km north of Winnipeg waiting for his father to land on the lake for a fishing weekend. The Super Widgeon landed too hard, the engines roared one final protest, then quit. The plane broke in two, forming a V in the water several hundred metres from shore, and sank killing the four aboard. The business was Pollock's alone.

In his own mind, it may always have been that way for it was he who worked the 18-hour days through the 1950s stretching out to other cities, straining



MICHEL MONTFORT / GAMMA LIAISON

Pollock in his Los Angeles office: 'I don't do anything I don't choose to do'

his staff, strumming his ego. In Toronto, he'd drive a troop of his part-time women home at night and pick them up again in the morning. Luxury was the $154 reclining chair which replaced a $2.50 army cot for his 10 minute office naps. He opened in Great Britain in 1962, set up Technical Overload in 1963, Industrial Overload and Drake Executive in 1965. Expansion from the early years through to today has been by acquisition and the successful repetition of the original idea. Like the child who carves a shamrock in a potato, then dips it into paint to produce identical patterns, Pollock has applied that 1951 idea to every imaginable labor—warehouse dock, office desk, security post, nursing station, factory bench or manager's chair.

A social life is shoehorned in. Marie Brault, now living in Houston, Tex., was told by Pollock in the 1950s: "Marie, I like you, but the reason I date you is because you live close by. I can't afford to waste any time." He'd bring his briefcase to dinner and write ideas down when they struck. "He was more interested in making money than making out

with a lady. I knew he'd turn into a multimillionaire," she sighs, "I should have stayed around."

A woman comes to the door of the two-storey stone home on the rim of Toronto's classy blue-plate Rosedale. A pair of Yorkshire terriers scamper about her feet like slippers in search of a master. "I will not speak to you about Bill," insists Diane Hawkins, divorced from Pollock in 1971, shortly after they moved to Monaco. Her fierce fealty is mirrored by the devotion offered by some staff. Retired public relations officer Helen Wood is typical: "I told my daughter I want to be buried in my wedding ring and my O.O. pin." But the dark side, say others, is a suffocating need to dominate. Paul Green, 41, now president of Alani Inc., a privately owned orange juice firm in San Francisco, was Pollock's assistant from 1977 to 1979. Says Green: "He was successful in dealing with people who looked upon him with awe. He would look for people who were not as competent as they should be and he would overpower them." Yet Green admits to doing today what he least admires in Pollock. As an entrepreneur, says Green, "you have to use people early on. He doesn't have to do that now, but he does it anyway." As a result, the turnover among Pollock's full-time staff is sky-high. There can, however, be growth for the right person. Lynne McCaw, now living in Montreal, began as a $75-a-week receptionist in 1967 and was a $22,000-a-year area manager when she left in 1978. She laughs: "If you assembled all the ex-Drake people in Canada, you'd need to rent Maple Leaf Gardens." Says Brian Johnson, for five years Drake vice-president, finance: "Working with Bill is like being in a war. Looking back, you wouldn't want to do it again, but you wouldn't have missed it for the world." Ainsley Gotto was for six years his executive assistant: "It wasn't a job, it was a way of life." In 1978, when she quit at 30, "I figured I'd worked harder than most people had when they became 60."

Green, Gotto, Johnson—only three of dozens personally hired by Pollock into what he calls the "companionship of elite," people who must give up any family life or personal time to serve him. Admits Pollock: "We have to put the corporate goals and objectives first sometimes and sublimate our own in order to achieve what has to be done." When word flashes that he's flying in to take the pulse, touch the people and teach the purpose as he does three or four times a year in Toronto, London, L.A., Auckland, Sydney, Geneva, Monaco—everyone awaits his bidding, stacked up as if Pollock were an airport controller with a dozen planes waiting to land. It's his particular brand of management: shake, rattle and keep it rolling.

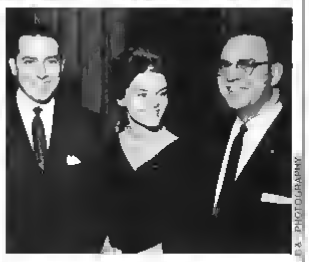
He may not be a lonely man, but he abhors being alone. After working his usual 12 hours to 8 p.m., he'll grab a handful of staff for dinner and talk about the business until there's nothing left to the day but bed. This meal, he is sitting in Los Angeles with associates from Australia and New Zealand. "It's hard for people to supply their own vision," he is saying. "A leader does that. And a leader supplies reassurance to people, puts order into their lives. I don't see myself as charismatic. I know people see that in me." And he pauses: "There is excitement generated in Calgary or Vancouver when I'm coming there. And I say to myself, well, it can't be all *that* exciting, but I guess it is." It can become excruciating, too. Says one employee: "His people-handling skills are rotten. People can't take the punishment-reward system. He creates with one hand and destroys with the other."

She is still agog, minutes after seeing him. Jackie Byrnell, an Office Overload branch manager in Tampa, Fla., is attending a 20-year anniversary reception for Clare Copeland, president of Office Overload, who is the closest thing there is to a Pollock crony. Byrnell remains amazed because not only did Pollock remember the year she joined, but he also knew the name of a man who had just joined that day. It is irrelevant to her that the newcomer sports a name badge. "He is a *caring* man," she says, her sparkling eyes on Pollock as he moves about the room, touching individuals, speaking to small knots of employees, pausing regularly to write in a small black notebook.

A balky overhead projector shows photographs including one of Copeland giving some unnamed woman an unrecalled award. The description: "Clare giving her back the hubcap from her '63 Pontiac." Laughter rolls from Pollock even at this putdown of the system he has so painstakingly crafted where field staff consultants can spend up to $1,289 a year rewarding those sent out to work. Pollock speaks: "Having been here 20 years . . ." "I get a silver tray," interjects Copeland. Pollock joins in on the laughter again, but the gift is a gold chain and a scholarship fund for Copeland's children. Pollock's earlier message about "loyalty to the cause, to the company, to the mission" is underlined for all to see. Says former VP Johnson, now comptroller and chief accountant at Continental Bank: "He modifies people's behavior. He has an incredible need to control. For those who are properly selected, Drake allows them to grow. For others, it can be like being caught in traffic."

One in the fast lane is former dancer Dianne Eleoff. At 46, she has been with the company 17 years and is now a [illegible] Toronto and Edmonton. "While I'm so much older and have grey hair," she says, "I just think I'm so much more attractive than I was when I came here. The human being is like fabric. If the fabric's good, the suit's a perfect fit. I'm with a good tailor. I'm hooked." What the tailor offers is a pattern, an ordered existence. Switzerland's discipline is something Pollock marvels at, each man with his secret instructions ready for an emergency. Potential chaos in South Africa is a worry. Not a fan of apartheid, he doesn't favor one man, one vote, either. "The blacks, after all," he says, "are only one step out of the bush." Canadian politics interests him little, he can't name even one member of the Trudeau cabinet, although he considered and rejected running for Parliament himself in the 1963 general election. "Trudeau came in the ideal way, a chosen person, right to the top."





Pollock with Jackie and Jim Shors, the McIntyre Block: creates with one hand and destroys with the other

He must content himself, so far, with running the offices of the world and finding, through the lengthy two-hour screening process endured by every prospective part-time typist, the kind of person who'll fit in anywhere. Countless man-hours have been spent by industrial psychologists designing questionnaires for applicant, interviewer and prospective employer. So that the match-up is better than any mother could expect for her son's wife. Pollock ponders his own role in it all. "It's like being a football coach by long distance."

Even more man-hours have been spent reorganizing his own personal assets, namely Drake, through a complex international structure for tax purposes involving companies in both Bermuda and the Bahamas and four in the Netherlands. "He's like a fighter pilot who's flying a 747," says Johnson. "All the people in the back are bouncing up and down." But if his failure shows in the mental gymnastics he forces some people through, his forte is in forcing others to produce. As Jim Skeoch, regional manager for Industrial Overload and a 17-year veteran admits: "He'd say, 'Next year, we're going to double the business.' And we'd say, 'You're out of your gourd.' And we'd do it."

But it is ironic that in such a people-oriented company, the people come second. In a speech that ran for more than an hour last year in Australia, Pollock said: "People exist in business to perform hard tasks . . . in business, as in sports, we often run out of time and must accept some casualties." And this: "A business does not exist to keep people on the payroll. . . . Individuals come and go, but [the chief executive's job] is the company." He is like an alluring, multi-faceted dance hall ball, rotating high above the waxed floor, sending its shards of light onto and around those drawn by its spectacle and apparent promise. Some see a few sides and think they know the whole. Others are drawn by the glitter and glamor, but may only stay for a few numbers, while a further clutch of people offer themselves as additional orbs to whirl alongside him in his world. But in the end, there is no need for any other centrepiece, nor any replacement.

It is precisely here in this high-achievers quest for corporate immortality where his life's work may be at peril. An internal memo makes this intertwined statement of corporate and personal intent. "To create an ongoing healthy company which continues to flourish into the future beyond the lives of the existing members or the organization." His planned succession, however, is a committee of trustees, as if only many disciples could replace The One. To date, there is no central successor, no high achiever groomed and ready to take over. Nor is there likely to be. He is really too busy for that tomorrow, travelling the world, replacing the casualties, reorganizing the company, rewarding the companions—all the while running against his own shadow. He runs filled with a fear that, if he stops, his shadow will somehow sprint on without him. The sun is always shining. And that damn shadow just keeps on moving.





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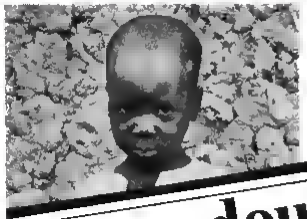
Other possibilities, such as fusion, all need much money and time before they are practical for large-scale use.

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6/26/80 MA80-0200

Follow-up

Eavesdropping in the eavesdroppers

The sound track is beset by static and what sounds like the clatter of dishes. But the voices of former president Richard Nixon and his top White House aides are unmistakable. Although the Watergate break-in of June, 1972, and Nixon's resignation in August, 1974, are history, those famous cover-up conversations which sent



Listener in Washington: ears to the door

many of his aides to prison, and Nixon to San Clemente, are still being heard by the public in Washington, where the Watergate tapes are being played seven days a week.

The tape room in the U.S. National Archives, equipped with 32 listening booths and headphones, opened for business May 28, as the tourist season began. Although it got off to a slow start, the exhibit's popularity grew steadily, and some days 100 to 200 people had to be turned away at the door. "I think all the administrators were satisfied that we attracted about as many people as anticipated," says public affairs worker Jill Merrill. Nearly 10,000 people clamped on the headsets to eavesdrop on the White House eavesdroppers. The 12½ hours of conversation are a pittance compared to the 6,000 hours of Nixon tapes in the archives' possession. Yet the small but steady stream of people—mostly tourists—who don the headphones find their ears pressed to the door of the Oval Office during one of the most critical 12½ hours in American history.

The 31 tapes span a period from June

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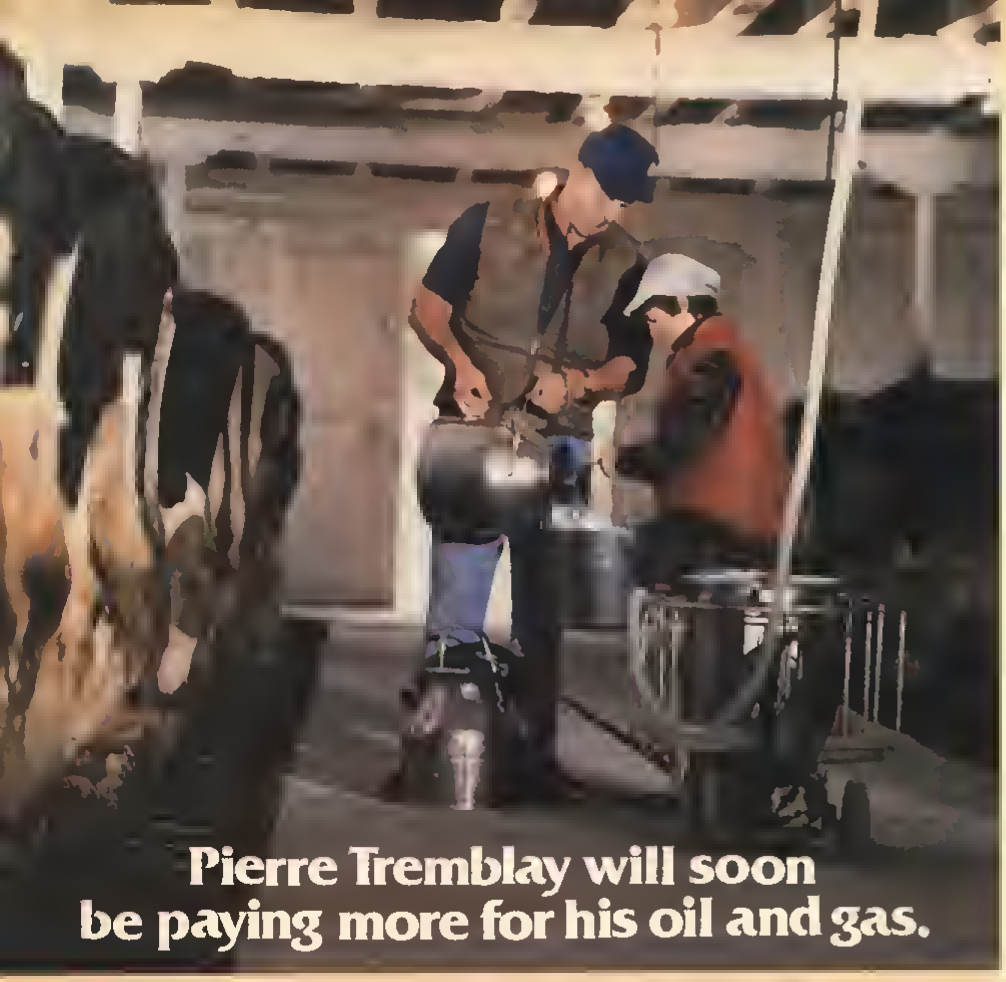
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2) **Understand** the need for higher prices. Canada is running out of cheap oil. The easy discoveries have been made. What remains is more difficult to find and more expensive to produce. Developing the tar sands and frontier reserves is very, very costly.

3) **Let Canada's oil companies get on with their job.** There is no more efficient energy task force in the world. But Canada still lacks a national energy plan. Rapid, economical development of tar sands plants, pipelines, the frontiers and even the traditional Western oil patch is impossible unless Canadians unite behind an effective program.

To Pierre Tremblay and other concerned Canadians, it's worth the price.

OIL FORUM

CONVERSATIONS WITH CANADIANS

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OIL FORUM Backgrounder

Canada's reserves of cheap oil have been declining since 1973. This confronts Canadians with a choice: develop this country's more costly energy resources such as Alberta's enormous tar sands and the northern frontiers or depend increasingly on foreign oil.

Self-sufficiency in oil and gas will cost Canadians upwards of $250 billion. But foreign oil will cost even more, assuming it remains available at all.

Keeping these billions of dollars within our own economy rather than handing them over to some foreign nation will help Canadians in important ways:

- Jobs - That tremendous amount of money will create many thousands of permanent jobs.
- Other industries - An active oil industry is a big buyer of vehicles, steel, electronics, ships and hundreds of other products made in Canada from coast to coast.
- Research - Canadian energy technology already leads the world on several fronts, notably Arctic offshore drilling and tar sands. A "Produced In Canada" petroleum policy means more money for Canadian scientists and technicians to search further into the existing possibilities of this country's vast energy potential.
- Trade balance - A reduced foreign trade bill would strengthen the Canadian economy.

However, the rewards of self-sufficiency cannot occur automatically. The federal and provincial governments, as well as the oil and gas companies, must co-operate in careful planning.

Money is also essential. A tar sands plant capable of producing 8% of Canada's annual oil consumption costs about $6.7 billion. A single well in the deep waters of offshore Newfoundland or in the remote Beaufort Sea can cost $50 million, five times as much as the most expensive Alberta well. These costs are rising quickly.

The oil companies are reinvesting their revenue in new energy production at a record rate. The industry is now spending $1.07 for every $1.00 it receives. Yet self sufficiency will require even greater investment. And it's risky work. Only one in ten exploration wells is successful.

In Canada, the price of oil is set by governments, not companies. And governments receive the lion's share of what people pay for oil and gas. If Canadians are to reap the benefits of building up secure energy supplies, these governments must share the oil and gas companies' strong commitment to that goal.

Energy today offers Canadians the most dramatic development opportunity since the time of the pioneers and railroad-builders. The Canadian petroleum industry is ready to meet that challenge - with your help.

23, 1972, six days after the break-in, to April 25, 1973. Along with 40 million pages of presidential documents, most of the tapes were seized by the General Services Administration (which runs the archives) after Nixon's resignation. Others were subpoenaed by the Watergate Special Prosecution Force. They were used in the trials of former attorney-general John Mitchell and White House aides John Dean, John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, who were convicted for obstruction of justice. Because he was pardoned by his successor, Gerald Ford, Nixon never went before a judge or jury, although the evidence now in public access shows he was in on the cover-up from the start.

In one June 23 tape, Nixon tells Haldeman to have a top CIA official call FBI Acting Director Patrick Gray in an effort to steer a just-started bureau investigation away from the links between Liddy and the White House. "Stay the hell out of this," is the message Nixon wants sent to Gray. "This is, ah, business here, we don't want you to go any further on it". Nine months later, on March 21, Dean tells Nixon, "I think that there is no doubt about the seriousness of the problem we've got. We have a cancer within, close to the presidency, that is growing." Concern for that "cancer" evaporates in minutes as the two men go on to discuss the payment of hush money to Howard Hunt and the other Watergate defendants. Dean says it may cost $1 million to keep the defendants' mouths shut. "We could get that," answers Nixon, confidently. "You could get it in cash." Throughout, Nixon is combative and vindictive. "This is a war," he says. "We're getting in a few shots and it will be over, and we'll give them a few [more] shots." About Edward Bennett Williams, attorney for the Democratic party, Nixon promises, "We're going to fix that son of a bitch."

Audrey McClellan of Seattle, waiting for the second-floor elevator after one tape-listening session, said the language was not as foul as she expected. Hearing the conversations, she added, was much better than reading them. "It is so different hearing the expression in their voices," she explained. Ruth Howell, in town from New York City to visit her daughter-in-law, never followed the Watergate drama when it unfolded eight years ago, so the tapes were a little confusing to her. "But the fact that these tapes are open to the public proves that this is a free society," she says. "I can't imagine this happening in West Germany or Japan."



NOUA NEWS PHOTOS WORLDWIDE

Nixon with advisers and (inset) the National Archives tape room: critical hours, and the language isn't too foul

Andrew Glen, 22, a Briton on a 13-week tour of the U.S., was lured to the tapes by his interest in what he calls the practical side of politics. "The thought of corruption in high places fascinates me," offered Glen, who added apologetically that he was just out of college and therefore idealistic. A Baltimore man in an orange cardigan and brown knit shirt, in Washington with his wife for a one-day tour, wanted to hear the tapes "out of curiosity ... to gain some knowledge of the inner sanctums of the White House."

An Indiana man refused to say whether Nixon was guilty of anything. "That has to be left to the individual to decide," he stated firmly. "I'm not his judge. I'm only the judge of myself."

Stephen Barlas

A degree of privilege

I appreciated your article about the plight of the archeological students in Ottawa (*Digging for Dollars—but Oh So Few*, Canada, Aug. 25). I am lucky enough to be able to return to university this fall, having worked 70 hours a week most of the summer to pay skyrocketing tuition fees and general cost of living increases. It disturbs me that many students simply do not have enough money—despite working all summer—and cannot receive enough student aid to return to school. When education becomes a privilege of the rich and a tool of politicians, something is drastically wrong with our society.

MARY PUTT,
WINNIPEG



PETER GREGG

Students working at summer jobs trying to afford the skyrocketing tuition fees

A fishy business

Your article *Gone Fishin' but the Fish Are Gone* (Environment, Aug. 25) really misses the point. The fish are gone, and for the reasons given, bigger and better boats and fewer and poorer spawning grounds created by other demands of civilization. However, we have been through this before in Canada when the buffalo were hunted to extinction. It is incredible that we are still hunting fish in the wild today as a major food source, when the technology of fish ranching is as simple and well understood as it is and uses far less valuable land than cattle ranching. Why do we still have only 19 salmon hatcheries in B.C. and 12 in the East when the government has been committed to a Salmonid Enhancement Program for so many years? The answer is simple. As soon as private enterprise is allowed to build and operate aquaculture facilities on a commercial basis with restrictions only on health and quality, as in agriculture, the sooner we will have a plentiful and cheap supply of salmon and other fish.

D. N. DOCKING
PORT MOODY, B.C.

Downtown dilemmas

I would like to commant on your article about people moving back into the city (*Downtown Looks Good Again*, Cities, Sept. 1). As one who has done so, I would like to add a few negative points to your list of positive ones. One's peace of mind depends a lot on the consideration of one's neighbors as everyone lives so close together. A constantly barking dog and non-caring masters can ruin a whole neighborhood. Also, food prices are much higher in those cute little stores compared to the big, spacious, competitive plazas. Over-all, though, I'm still glad we moved back into the city.

GLORIA DAVIDSON,
TORONTO

A novel notion

More power to Gary Geddes, Quadrant Editions and the promotion of unknown writers (*Hey, Wait a Minute, Mr. Postman*, Books, Aug. 25). It's high time that someone is willing to take a chance on new writers since the big publishers only bet on a sure thing! In many other countries, new writers have a much better chance than in Canada and the United States where the emphasis is solely on making big profits. Subscription mail-order books may not be profitable but at least they offer a chance for some writers, and I hope more small publishers will try that approach.

MARIA TARR,
WOLSELEY, SASK.

Canadian clout

Several years ago, after starting my own business in Houston, I became intrigued by the number of fellow Canadians I ran into who were similarly involved in some aspect of business around this city. I was, therefore, impressed to see your cover article *The New Imperialists* (Aug. 11). It is encouraging to see something pointed out to the rest of Canada that many expatriate businessmen have been growing for a number of years. The Canadian businessman is a unique character in the sense that he installs himself quietly in profitable ventures throughout the world. In the U.S. he has the advantage that he usually cannot be seen coming, and he quietly, almost apologetically, buys, builds and produces. The Canadian abroad, especially in the U.S., tends to smooth the ocean rather than make waves as his American counterpart is inclined to do. I think it is almost a shame that one of the most heroic features of the Canadian is his ability to remain almost anonymous in his work around the world. I not only agree with your figures in the U.S., I think the dollar amount could be doubled or tripled without undue distortion.

GORDON D. FEIR,
HOUSTON, TEX.

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1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
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1968 Bill Symons, Toronto
1967 Peter Liske, Calgary
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1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
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1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962 George Dixon, Montreal
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The little circus that still comes to town

By David Folster

It belonged to the era of street railways, few automobiles and wide-eyed innocent pleasure. For small-town Canadians and Americans it was a rare opportunity to glimpse the wonders of the world practically on one's doorstep. Thus did the travelling railway circus—in its heyday between 1880 and 1925 and in a much lesser form for a few decades before and after—create unforgettable impressions for those awe-struck "ladies and gentlemen and children of all ages."

Jim O'Neill saw his first circus parade, from the Sparks Circus, when it came to Fredericton in 1928. Years later that exciting introduction—standing on a street corner with his mother as the steam calliope went sonorously by—came back in a flood of vivid circus memories after a friend who was a model railroad builder showed him a book on circus models. The result today is O'Neill Bros. Circus, a delightful and extraordinarily complete replica, true down to its donickers (privy tents), of a vast railway circus that, like the old touring shows themselves, still plays dates around New Brunswick, including a two-month stand this summer at the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John. It has taken O'Neill, now 57 and a retired deputy chief of the Fredericton Fire Department, 25 years to create the model which, despite reducing everything to 1/16 of actual size, still requires 33 wooden packing cases to move and more than 400 square feet to display. He began the project in 1955 as nothing more serious than an attempt to build a few toy circus wagons for his 1½-year-old son Hugh. But as news reached Fredericton of the rapid demise in the United States of the real railway-borne tent shows (the one awful failure was the closing of the canvas-domed version of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Pittsburgh on July 16, 1956), O'Neill suddenly realized he was creating a kind of social history, too.



MICHAEL SAUNDERS

O'Neill Bros. Circus (above); builder O'Neill: there was life before television

After many visits to circuses with his father, a trainer and driver of horses for the fire department, O'Neill felt he was up to the job. "It was the equipment that always fascinated me. To see the show go up, to watch the elephants pull the tents up, and to realize that it was all done in one day." So, using plywood, masonite, basswood, coat hanger wire, unbleached cotton for the tents and assorted other materials, he set about building an entire railway circus comprising thousands of separate pieces. "A little paint will cover a multitude of sins," he declares modestly, but in fact much of the model is superbly crafted. Its 70 wagons, for example, are all patterned after wagons from real shows that once toured the Maritimes, and O'Neill has so designed his five-metre-long Big Top that he actually uses the tiny ropes and pulleys to put it up. If live elephants came in miniature, he doubtless would employ those too.

The display compresses several facets of an actual circus day into one comprehensive and colorful tableau. Here, on a railway siding, sturdy draught horses are delicately easing an equipment-laden wagon off a railway flatcar bearing the signature of the old Al G. Barnes Circus. Nearby, some of the performers can be seen relaxing before the

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big show inside their red Pullman car. On the circus lot, a multihued parade led by a famed bandwagon, the Dolphin from Sparks Circus, has formed up and is ready to head downtown. At the main entrance garish banners announcing Zerlina the Snake Charmer and other sideshow exotica give a few patron-models pause. And under the Big Top aerialists, trampolinists, wild animal acts and Liberty horses are all performing in three busy rings.

To achieve his finely tuned detail, O'Neill drew on the manual dexterity



JAMES WILSON

Circus fan: the show that goes on forever

imparted by several years of shoe repairing in his pre-fireman days. He also enlisted sons Hugh and John and his wife, Gilberte, who stitched together the show's 11 tents, made ropes for the parading elephants and wood-burned decorations on parade wagons. Says Hugh, now a chemist with Environment Canada in Moncton, "It was usually 'hands off' when I was small. It wasn't until later that I realized the history that goes with it. I think it's a helluva accomplishment." Meantime, O'Neill has served for several years as "Canadian lot manager" for Circus Model Builders International, an esoteric group that nonetheless boasts 1,500 members (including 30 in Canada), holds conventions and publishes a bi-monthly magazine, *The Little Circus Wagon*.

When not model building, O'Neill often reminisces, listens to circus music, and generally has "some pretty noisy circus nights" with his long-time friend and fellow-traveller along the sawdust trail, Fred H. Phillips. At 70, Phillips, who worked as a writer with the provincial tourism department but would have preferred being a circus press agent, is a storehouse of meticulously recalled

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One afternoon before it closed last month, Phillips toured the O'Neill Bros "lot" in Saint John with a visitor, spiking his nostalgic conversation with precise explanations like "That circus showed up in Fredericton on Saturday, June 18, 1921," and "That show was playing Sydney, Nova Scotia, on the day Britain declared war on Germany in 1914. They didn't waste much time getting back across the border." At one point, mention of a sign on a model truck identifying the Sells-Floto Circus produced a Byzantine anecdote that begins with an obscure sportswriter on the *Denver Post* named Otto Floto and ends with a circus character named Jerry Mugivan—"He was known as the Terrible Turk in the business"—unloading a package of five shows, including Sells-Floto, on hapless John Ringling one month before the Great Crash of '29. *How* could he remember all of this? "When you've been over it all as many times as I have, you remember."

To many younger visitors the display is a fascinating curiosity, but since it is evocative of nothing within their own experience, they move on quickly. Nonetheless, says Phillips, "The most intelligent question I've ever heard about it came from a little girl, about 10, who asked, 'Where did they keep the money?'" Remembering this now moves Phillips to two more pertinent recollections: that one show kept the cash in a wagon with a false floor, and that another, after a particularly lucrative night in Halifax, dispatched four men back to the train in four separate taxis, each carrying a pillowcase stuffed with paper bills.

Despite occasional big gates, however, the railroad tent circus inexorably became a victim of changing economics and labor patterns. (The few tent shows left today move by truck. The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey has two circuses on the rails, but they play only large arenas.) Ironically, the same factors, on a smaller scale, threaten O'Neill Bros. to some extent. Says O'Neill: "This last show was the hardest to set up. We had some help, but it still took 106 hours between Friday and Wednesday. I'm not sure I can do it again without getting something back." But it would be too bad if O'Neill's circus did go permanently into winter quarters in his basement because, even for today's jaded generation, it is microcosmic proof that there was life before television. Moreover, when viewed at just the right distance, and in just the right frame of mind, the bright reds, oranges and yellows meld, the scene becomes surrealistically busy, the tiny characters edge closer to life. And, then, the show really does go on forever.

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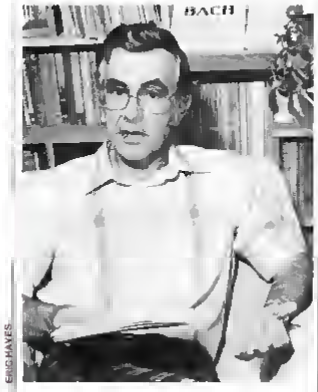
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Court poet to the city of North York

"All we hear about is war and hate. Our council meetings are constant battles. I said, 'Hey, let's spread some love.'" That was North York Mayor Mel Lastman talking about his inspiration in appointing a poet laureate last month to sing the praises of his city. From the ranks of more than 100 applicants, one J. Edward Baxter was duly chosen for the verve of his verse. After his induction Sept. 2, the bard of North York first turned his talents to the commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the North York Public Library, and read his first official poem at a ceremony last month ("... From Vic Park to Humber/ Our branches now number Nineteen. Pick out one for your own ..."). Baxter is now working on a poem to promote the mayor's annual blood donor clinic, another for the mayor's Christmas cards and some verses to mark the December mayoralty inauguration.

It will be Baxter's task to put other major civic events into verse, as well—the inauguration of city council and North York's second birthday as a city next Valentine's Day. Then next September he must step aside, collect his $1 paycheque and let a successor court the municipal muse for the next one-year term.

"I've never attached the label 'poet' to myself," says Baxter. But poet he is. It all started about 10 years ago when he entered a poetry contest sponsored by the *Atlantic Advocate*. Contestants were asked to submit a limerick about chowder. Baxter submitted three or four and won an honorable mention. A month or so later the *Atlantic Advocate*





CP, ERIC HAYES

Baxter (above); Nowlan, Frost, Purvey

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sponsored another contest—this one had to be a contemporary nursery rhyme. Baxter won first prize—$5. He kept up his interest by reading the works of Robert Frost, E.J. Pratt, A.E. Housman and Alden Nowlan, and by writing limericks in the staff bulletin of the school where he taught, in which he made good-natured fun of his peers.

Baxter, 52, is a quiet, pleasant, unassuming and witty native Maritimer who has lived in North York for 20 years. He is the father of three children and is head of the modern language department at Don Mills Collegiate. Baxter applied for the job by poking fun at individual members of council in one of his two verses. In the other, he mocked the fact that while North York may be a city with 560,000 residents, Canada Post refuses to recognize it. (The post office knows where Don Mills, Downsview and Willowdale are, but the City of North

Lastman. 'I get nervous talking about it'



York is a mere "M2J 7O7" within Toronto.)

Lastman, the bad boy turned politician who never seems to run out of ideas that have all kinds of publicity attached, said he picked up the idea of appointing a poet laureate in Miami while vacationing last winter. "I heard some discussions about a poet laureate. I didn't know what the hell a poet laureate was so I set out to find out. I understood they once had one and something happened and they didn't. And I said, 'Hey, this is fantastic for North York. I've never heard of a poet laureate in Canada before.' This is the first poet laureate in Canada ever."

"Do you read much poetry yourself?" a reporter asked Lastman. "No, I don't," he replied. "I don't go to the opera either, but I support it. I don't go to the ballet, but I support it. There's nothing wrong with it, but I just can't sit through it. I get pins going through me. I can't sit. I get nervous talking about it."

Gerry McAuliffe



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A night of the long knives?



LEE-DUPONDAIS, UPC



PETER MEGG

Clark on the attack in Ottawa, and with Davis at the Albany Club after every loss the same angry questions

By John Hay

A sad, winter-grey fog had settled on Toronto and wrapped itself around the restaurant high in the CN Tower by Lake Ontario. Inside, over half-eaten breakfasts, many of the Progressive Conservative candidates and their wives and workers were weeping. It was the day before the Feb. 18 federal election and they had gathered to hear Joe Clark speak bravely of his honest budget and their well-fought campaign. Then a pretty 12-year-old girl with a sweet voice sang *Tomorrow*, the wistful song from *Annie*, and the exhaustion of the campaign welled into despair for lost chances. Clark, poised and considerate, chatted with Tom Viersen, Tory riding president for York North, and later wrote a note of thanks to him and his wife, Cynthia, and the children. But by May, Viersen was chairman of the PC review committee—known in the party as the "dump Clark group." Clark said it himself a week before the election when he mistook a supporter for a heckler at a rally in Prince Rupert, B.C.: "In the Tory party, it's sometimes hard to tell who your friends are."

The Conservatives will send more than 2,000 delegates to their next general meeting Feb. 27 to March 1, and party rules require a secret ballot to answer the question, "Do you wish to have a leadership convention?" This ritual invitation to insurrection was written into the party constitution at the urging of Robert Stanfield, himself a three-time loser, after the fratricidal wars of the "Diefenbaker removal." The Tories have lost all but five federal elections in 50 years and the story of their leadership is a tale of recrimination and treachery. After every loss the same angry questions arise—who is to blame, and who can bring victory next time? And now, for all the goodwill Clark has won in the party and whatever control he has imposed on it, it is his turn to be tested.

For the record, Clark declares himself unworried by the mutters of dissension or—even more ominous—the sullen silence of erstwhile friends. In his Parliament Hill office, the same one he had as prime minister, he told *Maclean's* last week that the future of his tenure is simply not a problem. "I think there is a growing view that I am the best person to lead us through the next three and four years into the next election. It's very hard to say this without sounding arrogant about it. I know this party, I know the country, I know the *prime minister's* job, I know the leader of the opposition's job. I am convinced there is nobody else in the country who can do what has to be done as well as I can." On the other hand, he is building up a hectic schedule of speaking trips and fund-raising dinners over the coming weeks—just when ridings across the country will be choosing delegates for the convention. He furiously attacked the Liberal constitution package and will take the same line on the budget and energy policies yet to be seen. He has already taken the rap for the mistakes of his government, including the short shrift he and his cabinet gave to the party foot soldiers who helped put him into power. "The collective leadership of this party grew out of touch with the collective membership of the party, and we've already started steps to correct that." Clark well knows of the resentment still aimed at his chief of staff, Bill Neville.

"I might have embarked on a different course," says Tom Viersen, "if Bill Neville had returned my phone calls." Viersen isn't the only party worker who figures he got his MP re-elected with more hindrance than help from Clark, and he is one of many who resented being shut out of the Clark inner circle during that brief spell of power. What sets him apart is his reaction. By day, Viersen is a properly suited financial manager at IBM's head

office in Don Mills, Ont. After hours, by phone and pamphlet, he and his review committee, including his MP, John Gamble, are trying to put Clark through the challenge of a leadership contest. Committee flyers carefully deny it's a dump-Clark operation. "The committee simply wants a leadership convention so that the best available leader will be chosen—Joe Clark or otherwise." It's a bland disclaimer no Tory believes. Dalton Camp, who should know, wrote recently that "Clark may be the first Tory leader in history to learn about every plot against him at firsthand." Sure enough, Gamble told Clark when they met on a plane last spring that he would press for a leadership review. But it is a tribute to Clark's personal hold on the party at this point that the committee has avoided frontal assault. In fact, its founding members in the spring swore to keep their names secret, only Viersen and *Review News* editor John Morrison have gone public, and they won't name the others—the six members of their steering committee and about 40 other activists across the country. But the committee must soon come out of the closet when its members start trying to influence selection of convention delegates and lobbying those already chosen. They're scrambling to assemble a mailing list; Clark's party headquarters in Ottawa wouldn't give them a copy of the official membership list, claiming it would be a breach of policy.



STOODY CP



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Clark a day before the February election, Viersen eight months later: 'review'='dump'

The Viersen group suffers two weaknesses. It has no champion to offer as successor to Clark, and it is identified with the right wing of a party whose mainstream now knows it must broaden its appeal to voters (women, the young, the urban) if it is ever to win a Commons majority. But it can prey on the doubts of a far more dangerous, more varied element of the party—active Tories who will attend the convention and who have not been persuaded that Clark has the right stuff to win elections and govern well. Toronto MP John Bosley—a strong Clark supporter—guesses that at a convention held today a full 35 per cent would vote for a leadership contest. That would be a serious, even if not lethal, rebuff to Clark. Dartmouth, N.S., MP Michael Forrestall is one of several in the caucus who haven't decided how they will vote, but he is beginning to think the leader's several virtues aren't considered adequate by the voters. "It's just something you have or you don't have. And I don't think Joe has it."

Around the country, judgments on Clark are mixed. Saskatchewan MLA Bob Andrew, who helped Clark into the leadership in 1976, speaks for other westerners in laying some blame for Clark's election failure at Ontario's feet. "The feeling in Ontario was that things were getting away from them. They are losing control of the levers of power and the Conservative party was moving west." Chuck Cook, MP for North Vancouver-Burnaby and president of the B.C. Tories, thinks Clark's future rides on his performance in the next four months. "If he stumbles or falls between now and February, it is entirely possible he could face a leadership convention." Quebec, though it produced just one Tory seat in February, might be strongly pro-Clark because he has personally installed much of the organization there in his struggle to secure a *bleu* beachhead. The Atlantic region harbors a special grievance, voiced by Nova Scotia MP and PC President Bob Coates: the Clark cabinet's failure to dispense patronage jobs.

Clark's chosen response to these sounds of discontent is to make a vigorous show of leadership in the House. But last week's debate on the constitution underscored the fragility of Clark's position in the coming months. There was, first, a deep split within his caucus about a central part of the Trudeau plan: entrenchment of rights is supported by some Tories, opposed by others. Then there was the embarrassment caused Ontario MPs by Premier William Davis' intrusive call on all MPs to support the Trudeau program. There was no apology from Davis last week when the two spoke at a PC dinner in the nest of the Tory Ontario establishment, Toronto's Albany Club. So Clark was left to barrack at process rather than content—with one exception, he warned, with genuine cause, against the enormous power in the clause permitting future constitutional change by national referendum. Thus armed, a government could presumably enflame public opinion, as in the 1970 October crisis, in support of retraction of the very rights it now seeks to entrench.

As Clark moves to shore up his leadership, moreover, he faces a grievous double bind. After his professional lifetime in Tory politics, his base of support may be perilously limited. MPs and their workers who won last February can assure themselves that they did it despite an unpopular leader; those who lost can console themselves that it was because of the leader. Neither need owe much fealty to Clark. The fact that even the Clark-appointed, young-organizer class in the party is withholding outright commitment must be worrying. His larger problem, as he tells Tories everywhere, is to expand the base of the party itself. It ran third among voters under 35 last time and took fewer than 30 per cent of votes among low-income families. The catch, as the party's own polls show, is that by now voters identify the Conservatives with Clark just as they link Pierre Trudeau to the Grits, the Tories are tarred with Clark's reputation, good or bad. Lawrence Wolf, adman to the New Democrats and specialist in underdog brands, says selling Clark to the public now is an immense problem. "Canadians like their leaders larger than life. Clark is smaller than life." Can Clark increase the popularity of a party for which he is himself the primary image? That's what his fellow Tories would like to know.

With files from Peter Carlyle-Gordge in Winnipeg, Dale Eisler in Regina, David Folster in Fredericton and Vic Parsons in Vancouver.

The clerks return —but who's next?

Andy Stewart must have been wondering what kind of monster he had created as he fled his downtown Ottawa office before the 20 buses from Montreal pulled in and the chants of "Chicken! Chicken!" began. As president of the Public Service Alliance of Canada (PSAC), all Stewart had done was negotiate for 30 straight hours and come back with a 24.7-per-cent pay increase over two years for the 46,800 federal government clerks, which would lift average salary levels to $15,981 from $12,815 by May 12, 1982. But Stewart failed to tie the salaries to inflation rates by a COLA (cost of living allowance) clause. And he failed to win protection for other government workers, such as airport firemen, who had respected the clerks' picket lines and stayed off the job. Calling for Stewart's resignation as a negotiator, the PSAC's Quebec director, Jean Bergeron, urged the clerks to reject the offer when they voted last weekend.

Even if the new offer won the clerks' acceptance, government workers were not likely to vanish from the picket lines soon. The government translators have been striking since Aug. 29 and they want a COLA clause too. The coming winter of discontent may also see strikes by B.C. teachers, the clerks of the Ontario government and the municipal employees of Toronto. Their contracts all expire Dec. 31. And on the same day, the contract of the 19,575 members of the Letter Carriers' Union of Canada also runs out. The Queen just might have to send over the British North America Act via United Parcel Service.

Ian Anderson



FRANKLIN GLOBE & MAIL



MITCHELL CP

Montreal clerks picket their own Ottawa headquarters: Happy New Year so far?

Nova Scotia

A crew of captains in the same boat

Arms flailing, Richard Cashin, fiery head of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union (NFFAWU), takes a swipe at the preceding speaker, a representative for the Pacific Trollers Association. "Free enterprise is not a system that has ever existed in Newfoundland, sir. And I have serious doubts it will exist much longer in Western Canada." John Makowichuk has just explained why his 500-member group doesn't negotiate fish prices ("We start from a basic economic philosophy that the marketplace determines the price"). Cashin's comeback demonstrates that more than geography and economic conditions separate fishermen in Canada.

The forum was last weekend's first annual Canadian Fishermen's convention in Digby, N.S. Organized by the Eastern Fishermen's Federation (EFF), it brought together more than 100 fishermen from 35 different organizations across the country (including fishermen from the Prairies, where the lake fishery was worth $40 million over the past nine years). The participants represent an amazing variety of fishing methods, but share many common problems — the increasing monopolization of the industry, the maze of federal licensing policies and the lack of control over the price of fish. The conference's two themes — the fisherman as small businessman, and the need for strong organization — suggest the contradictory position of fishermen today: though many see themselves as small businessmen (and have high capital investments to prove it), except in isolated instances they still face a take-it-or-leave-it situation when it comes to selling their fish. The question is do fishermen need professional associations or trade unions with legal bargaining clout?

Nowhere has the question been debated more than in the Maritime provinces where, unlike their Newfoundland brothers, fishermen have no legal bargaining power. (Formed in the early '70s, the NFFAWU has 25,000 members including fish-plant workers, trawlermen and independent fishermen.) Trade union legislation in each of the three provinces specifically prohibits



Cashin: free enterprise does not exist

fishermen from joining trade unions, though each provincial government has indicated a willingness to change the legislation if the majority of fishermen want it. EFF Executive Director Allan Billard thinks they don't. "Fishermen in the Maritimes don't like the idea of a closed shop. They don't want to be told they can't go fishing."

The 10,000-member EFF was formed in early 1979 at the suggestion of federal Fisheries Minister Roméo LeBlanc, bringing together 18 associations in the Maritimes and Quebec. Its strongest opposition has come from the Maritimes Fishermen's Union (MFU), a breakaway group that is organizing fishermen in poorer parts of the three provinces and is pushing for trade union legislation. But the struggling 3,000-member MFU lacks the organizational resources of the EFF, which received a squid allocation worth $1 million from federal fisheries when it was first formed. Other than Cashin, MFU President Cuy Cormier found few supporters for his trade union position at the conference. Saskatchewan fisherman Albert Carlson spoke in favor of co-operatives.

Billard says the intent of the national conference was to get fishermen talking about common problems, and do "basic PR" for the EFF. Where the idea goes from here is an unanswered question. While fishermen undoubtedly enjoyed the chance to meet their comrades from across the country, few expressed concrete notions about what a national organization could do. And many were hesitant about having to go to more meetings. Said Makowichuk: "The reason we have a fishing season back home is to give us a break from all these meetings."

Sue Calhoun

Ontario

You can't go home again

The Vietnam War was long ago and far away, so when Robert Boffa, a 30-year-old free-lance photographer from Ottawa, set off to visit his mother in Brooklyn, N.Y., the last thing he had on his mind was to spend Thanksgiving under arrest and confined to Fort Dix military base in New Jersey. Last week he had good reason to wonder whether he would ever make it home for Christmas. His misadventures began Oct. 2, when he crossed the U.S. customs and immigration checkpoint at Ogdensburg, N.Y., in a friend's red Chrysler. An officer routinely punched his name into an FBI computer terminal—and the readout listed Boffa as



Robert Boffa and wife, Dawn Harwood-Jones. 10 years later this file will be closed



BRIAN WILLER MACLEAN'S

a military deserter wanted on a U.S. Army warrant. Military police took him straight to the 10-cell Oswego County Jail, where he was held for almost a week before military police arrived to take him to Fort Dix. At the base he awaits formal dismissal from the service, which could take several weeks.

Boffa's story is not unlike that of thousands of other former American draft-dodgers and deserters who made their way to Canada in the late 1960s and are still here. In Boffa's case it all began in 1970 when he was 20. He was serving as an army helicopter mechanic in the combat zone in Vietnam and decided to go AWL. He went to New York on furlough and, a month later, with the aid of friends, crossed the border to live in Ottawa where he worked for a couple of years in a coffeehouse on the campus of the University of Ottawa and met his future wife, Dawn Harwood-Jones.

In 1975, then five years in the country, he decided to become a Canadian citizen and register at the University of Ottawa. He graduated in 1978 and began his photographic work. According to his wife, Boffa chose to ignore the amnesty for draft-dodgers and deserters first granted by Gerald Ford in 1974 and again by Jimmy Carter in 1977 because he believed the alternate service required as a condition of the amnesty would be too unpleasant and might take up to two years to complete. For all that, he did risk visiting the States, using phoney identification first in 1976 and on two other occasions before his arrest. But eventually he came to believe the warrant had been dropped and he fatefully used his real name this time around.

At least he won't be doing hard time. Maj. Craig MacNab, public affairs officer at Fort Dix, said the base is the main clearinghouse for all deserters caught anywhere in the northern U.S. They are simply confined to base in normal accommodation until their papers arrive from the unit to which they were last assigned. "Our main purpose is to get them off the books—close the file." But it was all yet another sad chapter in a painful chronicle for Boffa's mother, Joan. "I feel awful, terrible," she said in New York at week's end. "He made a decision and I can stand by his decision. But there were a good many years when I didn't see him. It was very hard, very sad."

Gerry McAuliffe

Freeing Rastuses and honky dwarfs

Peterborough is a cosy town with pleasant streets, a small, modern university and a hardworking population of 60,000 nestled in the dew-flecked greenery of southern Ontario. Yet last week it was split apart over a trial that, on the face of it, was an open-and-shut case. David Arthur Rameden, 25, male, Caucasian, five feet, nine inches, 195 pounds, charged with seven counts of theft and one of possessing stolen property, had already confessed to carrying off more than $600 worth of goods, including "a 14-inch chipmunk, a 30-inch rabbit and five Negroes, one with electrical hookup," from the lawns of his neighbors. But the residents of the small town sensed that it was they who were actually on trial—for "racism and tackiness." And, ironically, their accuser was the son of Kenneth Ramsden, retired manager of the Simpsons-Sears store where two of the victims had acquired their lawn ornaments.

The heist was born back in April, in a Trent University pub, the Jolly Hangman. David Rameden, a writer/actor whose play *Women Behind Bars* had just closed, joined a group of students celebrating the end of



RON WATTS

Ramsden and 'tacky friends' setting off by night to free the slaves and Snow White

exams. Their conversation turned to racism. Ramsden observed that the subservient, rustic and racist stereotypes of blacks were being perpetuated by lawn jockeys and black plaster fisherboys who perch on the edge of birdbaths, which one local dealer sold as "Rastuses." After the Hangman closed, the group picked up two friends and set off in a borrowed van to free the slaves. "At first we only took the little black ones," Ramsden pleaded later, "but when we saw Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs our eyes lit up." When the van was full, they dumped the goods at a student residence—it took six men to grapple with the 200-pound Snow White—and then set out again. The night turned into an orgy of jockey, flamingo and gnome-napping, brought to a penting end at 5 a.m. only by the light of dawn.

Because the university residences were closing for the summer, the group had to discuss schemes to dispose of the goods. There was no question of keeping them. "Frankly, they were quite ugly," one of the students sniffed snobbishly at the trial. Plans to return them to their owners included arranging the dwarfs across the rocks at Burleigh Falls, a local beauty spot, then notifying the *Peterborough Examiner*—possibly by pasting a note together and sending it along with Snow White's ear. While the group deliberated, the goods were moved for safekeeping to Ramsden's parents' farm. There, on May 31, they were discovered by police and it was all over. Ramsden, now styling himself as head of CARAT—the Committee Against Racism and Tackiness—said he was contrite. "I didn't realize lawn ornaments meant so much to people." Although he personally returned the concrete rabbit, its owner, 73-year-old Grace Simpson, continues to be bitter, and says. "The rabbit doesn't go out anymore."

Courtroom B was packed last week when Judge George Inrig heard the testimony of victims. Carol Walczak's Snow White had been broken at the waist in one of the moves and five of the seven dwarfs had suffered irreparable damage. Albert Allen, who described his ornament as "a little nigger boy holding a kerosene lantern," reported that when returned its hand had been broken off. Defence counsel Mary Ruth O'Brien emphasized that the thefts had been a college prank that got out of hand. Judge Inrig reserved judgment until Jan. 12, leaving Ramsden to face the spectre of 10 years in prison. But as he hangs in suspense, he takes some comfort in the news that since CARAT's kitsch shtick became public at least three Peterborough gardeners have painted the faces of their Rastuses honky white.

Val Ross

Pouring oil on troubled wheat

It has been just one of those years for Allan Blackmore, who farms near the south Saskatchewan town of Minton. Hit by drought, he had to plow under 50 acres of wheat last June. Then the rains came to hold up harvesting; now he reckons he'll be lucky to get 12 bushels an acre out of his remaining 180 acres and he's braced for a $10,000 loss of income. Then came the day last month when his nephew smelled oil and found a sticky black quagmire right in the field they'd had to plow under. That's when he remembered he had given Saskatchewan Telecommunications approval to bury a cable across his land, and it was easy to see what had happened—they had drilled right through the 30-cm oil pipeline that also runs through the farm. The Sask Tel crew had built a dike around the spill but, says Blackmore, "no one told me until the next morning."



IAN CALDWELL

Blackmore: a drought and then a glut

The pipeline spilled 6,750 gallons of crude oil onto Blackmore's wheatland before repair crews got it plugged; then they had to dredge out 1,100 cubic yards from a one-acre area and replace it with clean soil—at a cost of three weeks' work and some $40,000. Now Sask Tel and the Calgary-based Wascana Pipe Line Company Ltd. are fighting over the bill. A Sask Tel spokesman says the pipeline was not properly marked—although Wascana sent out a crew to stake the line with warning markers, and "before we got to the stakes we were through the pipe."

All 63-year-old bachelor Blackmore ever got for having his modest 480 cultivated acres crisscrossed by underground utilities was $400 when Wascana first laid the pipeline eight years ago. Last week he still had the 1,100 cubic yards of oil-soaked dirt to worry about, lying in a pit where Wascana buried it on an unused corner of the farm and perhaps polluting more soil. Sighs Blackmore: "It's just been one of those bad years."

Dale Eisler



Super Phenix reactor (left), anti-nuke protestors at Plogoff: only the Soviets are proceeding at the same atomic pace

Off and running in a nuclear race

By Marci McDonald

Chickens scratch in the village lanes with imperious calm. Laconic cattle stare down the intruder who disturbs their ritual cud-chewing. Yet beyond electrified fences skirting the banks of the Rhône River, another sort of intrusion has shaken the placid rhythms of Creys-Malville (pop 50), a hamlet 52 km southeast of Lyons. Over the rustic tableau looms the shimmering 80-metre domed concrete tower of the world's first commercial-sized fast-breeder nuclear reactor, the $2-billion Super Phenix which, when it goes into operation in 1983, will be the centrepiece of France's $8-billion-a-year nuclear program—the most advanced, ambitious race for atomic energy supremacy by a Western nation.

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has taken to vaunting the plutonium-fed fast-breeder as a "vein of energy comparable to Saudi Arabia's oil reserves"—a boast that Socialist deputy Psul Quilès last week called a "gigantic hoax." Indeed, tempers and headlines were once again raised against the 1,300-megawatt Super Phenix as Quilès and three other members of Parliament, including former prime minister Pierre Messmer, wound up a globe-trotting tour of atomic energy installations with a week-long public debate.

As might be expected in a country where the government is committed to producing 55 per cent of its electricity from the atom by 1985, and 70 per cent by the end of the decade, there were few demurrals against the fast-breeder over the public airwaves. But Quilès ripped apart the government's claim that the fast-breeder would shortly make France energy-independent because of its ability to feed on plutonium—the waste produced by conventional pressurized water reactors fuelled by uranium—and because it "fast-breeds" more plutonium than it consumes.

He calculates that the amount of plutonium required to nourish a series of six planned Super Phenix reactors would require the country to import vast quantities of uranium until the middle of the next century, hardly a consoling prospect considering that Europe now gets nearly half of its enriched uranium from the Soviet Union.

The ecologically minded Paris newsweekly *Nouvel Observateur* followed up with a scathing exposé which showed that even experts at the state-owned energy authority, Electricité de France, and the French Atomic Energy Commission have their doubts about the untried Super Phenix prototype, which is nearly twice as expensive as conventional reactors. To make it commercially viable costs would have to be cut by 25 per cent—a little matter that the builders, Novatome, cheerily report they can adjust by, among other things, eliminating the security tank and dome designed to protect the civilian population from the effects of what nuclear-philes like to call an eventual "excursion"—in other words, an accident.

That such an economy measure is even being considered is scant comfort to those who have read a British Radio-protection report which predicts that such an accident, and subsequent five-per-cent leak from the core, would cause a 100-per-cent death rate within a three-km radius, 60 per cent within five-km, and that within 10 km 16 per cent of the population would eventually die of cancer.

Nevertheless, even those revelations are unlikely to slow the program when every other Western country has reined in nuclear energy ambitions because of ecological outcries or rising costs. Indeed only the Soviets have been proceeding at the same pace, undeterred by an ecological lobby.

To look at the way France has launched its 17 existing and 35 planned conventional reactors since 1974, the first year of the energy crunch, one might reach the same conclusion. Not so. Last January, the 2,360 citizens of the Breton fishing port, Plogoff, rebelled against the prospect of four 1,300-megawatt nuclear plants. Paris called in the riot police and army, turning the town into a six-week battlefield. Three years ago, when 30,000 protestors converged on Creys-Malville to protest the Super Phenix, one man was killed and more than 100 injured.

The futility of protest may partially explain why there has been almost no opposition to a reactor slated for Nogent-sur-Seine, a mere 100 km upriver from Paris. Another reason is that in a country that imports 75 per cent of its energy sources, three of the four political parties and 57 per cent of the populace support the nuclear gamble. The government has also stacked the legal deck heavily in its favor. France is the only major Western nation without a nuclear safety law or independent nuclear safety agency. Moreover, while government scientists may have their misgivings, a three-year 46-nation study commissioned by President Jimmy Carter to bolster his opposition to them has in fact concluded that they may be more efficient and less hazardous to the environment than regular reactors. Even romantics who complain merely that the reactors are a blot on the landscape may have had their ground cut out from under them. Recently, the government enlisted international pop artist Victor Vasarely, 72, to unveil studies showing that they can be esthetically pleasing. With typical bravura, a press release claimed that if France wins its nuclear battle it would not be unlike its 11th-century triumph in building cathedrals. ✪



President d'Estaing like Saudi Arabia's oil

A sailor stays at the helm



Genscher: more a kick in the breeches

While the West watches Americans go to the polls on Nov. 4 to determine whether Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan will lead the alliance, it can take consolation from a sense of continuity in one quarter. On the same day, Helmut Schmidt begins a second elected term as chancellor of Europe's most powerful country in the wake of his resounding election victory last week. The need for continuity appeared foremost in the mind of West Germany's electorate as it returned Schmidt's coalition of socialists and liberals with 271 seats—an increase of 18 seats—in the Bundestag (lower house) while the right-wing forces, led by Bavaria's outspoken Franz Josef Strauss, trailed with 226 seats.

But the outcome was less a victory for the 61-year-old chancellor than a kick in the breeches for Strauss. If any party emerged with true gains it was the Free Democratic Party (FDP) of Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. The FDP raised its percentage of votes from 7.9 to 10.6.

The result leaves Germany much as before, with Schmidt papering up recent cracks in the economy while continuing to exercise what many people see as the neatest hand in world diplomacy. Strauss, for his part, will return to his native Bavaria to ponder his humiliation, while the high-riding Genscher probably will content himself with retaining the four top cabinet jobs his pint-sized party demands in the Bonn coalition as the price of its loyalty to the socialists. **Peter Lewis**

Portugal

Round one to the right

The fests (party) was over before it started last week for Portugal's Communists. Pro-Moscow party leader Alvaro Cunhal had called for massive demonstrations to celebrate the election defeat of the centre-right Democratic Alliance government, but that was before the results were known. In the end it was Prime Minister Francisco Sá Carneiro, a shrewd 46-year-old lawyer, and his supporters who were splashing the champagne. A two-per-cent swing boosted their parliamentary majority from six seats to 22 and made it clear that Portugal has ended its six-year affair with Marxism. The voting also underlined the crucial importance of December's presidential elections. Bitterly feuding with the present incumbent, Ramalho Eanes, over his blocking of government attempts to move toward a free-market economy, Sá Carneiro has labelled the president "the true leader of the opposition," and Eanes, intent on preserving the principles of the April, 1974, revolution, is standing again.

Eanes. 'The true leader of the opposition'



The reason for Sá Carneiro's parliamentary success, however, was not hard to find. In ten months in office, the Democratic Alliance has managed to reduce inflation from 25 to 19 per cent, bump up salaries and pensions, cut some taxes and preserve at least an illusion of industrial peace. "Blatant vote-catching," sniffed the left. But even in the Alentejo farmlands, where the government is rolling back attempts to collectivize large estates, the Communists lost ground. The Socialists, not long ago in government themselves, fared little better. For all the ecstatic receptions accorded party chief Mario Soares and the plastering of Lisbon with 250,000

posters, voters took their cue from the fate of the airship hired as a party election stunt. The only time it got off the ground it had to make an emergency landing.

In contrast, two handicaps which had appeared damning in the end failed to blight Sá Carneiro's triumph. For the first time he openly admitted his intention to split from his wife, by whom he has five children. At his side during the campaign was a comely Danish publisher with whom he has had a long-standing relationship. In firmly Catholic Portugal that could have had serious repercussions, but did not. The prime minister was also fiercely assailed over an old $275,000 bank loan to him and his brother. But he denied any debts and maintained that any funny business was the bank's fault.

Sá Carneiro nevertheless faces severe problems in December. The Democratic Alliance—a coalition of Social Democrats, Centre Democrats and Monarchists—is giving high priority to amending the constitution to end presidential obstruction. But here the government faces a Catch-22 situation. With only 136 seats against the Socialists' 73 and the Communists' 40, Sá Carneiro lacks the two-thirds majority to carry an amendment. So he is proposing a referendum. But that would almost certainly be rejected as unconstitutional by President Eanes and the Council of the Revolution. For this reason, the Alliance is pushing the conservative Gen. Antonio Soares Carneiro (no relation) as its presidential candidate. To date, however, he does not seem to have dented the appeal of Eanes. The president gained more than 60 per cent of the vote at his 1976 election and has won wide respect for his calm integrity. Buoyed by his victory, Sá Carneiro sounded optimistic last week. "The Socialists' defeat in the parliamentary elections also constitutes the first defeat for the candidature of Eanes," he declared. But, like the Communists this time around, he may be celebrating too soon.

David Baird



UPI

Sá Carneiro is hugged by supporter as girl-friend Snu Abecassis looks on (far left). Latter a sinner than a laïtist

'Our way must be a democratic one'

For a decade, Paulo Evaristo Arns, cardinal of Sao Paulo, has been a leading critic of Brazil's military government. The spiritual head of 11.7 million Roman Catholics in the world's largest archdiocese, Arns has shown his concern for Brazil's poor by selling his palace for $6 million and spending that on 400 community centres. He talked with Maclean's correspondent Virginia Smith in Toronto last week.

Maclean's: *Brazil's attorney-general Firmino Paz once called the clergy "the most active enemy against national security." Why have they been perceived as a threat?*

Arns: The ideology of national security is a doctrine designed to protect privileged groups and doesn't really concern "national" security. Since the church is involved in defending the whole people, the government considers it an enemy.

Maclean's: *Did Pope John Paul II's July visit diminish tensions?*

Arns: It was really a great visit. Everywhere he supported what the pastors were doing. If I said what he said I would be called a subversive, but as the Pope his words were accepted.

Maclean's: *Are there limits to the church's political involvement?*



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Arns: trade unions must be strengthened

Arns: We don't speak about political involvement, but about social involvement. We're not concerned about having political power.

Maclean's: *The National Council of Bishops recently called for a new economic model in Brazil. What's the problem with the current one?*

Arns: The main problems stem from the lack of popular participation. We have had no elections for the presidency or state governorships since the military coup in 1964, although they have been promised for 1982. But the vote is not the only means of participating in national life. Right now there is no popular collaboration in the country's social programs.

Maclean's: *What would the new model look like?*

Arns: We must have programs of participation in the factories and trade unions must be strengthened. Rural programs are also very important. There is something unnatural about the high degree of urbanization in a huge country like Brazil. If the people had stayed in the countryside and produced food for themselves, not just for export, hunger wouldn't be a problem.

Maclean's: *In recent years, the government of Gen. Joao Baptista Figueiredo has adopted a policy of political abertura (aperture). What does this mean?*

Arns: It is a means of change for Brazil. Until the mid-70s, the government enforced a policy of very strict censorship. But now we are free to write what we want. We're still not free to speak out on radio and TV, but that's more a matter of self-censorship. As well, the existence of new political parties has been sanctioned.

Maclean's: *Was the policy a result of popular pressure on the government?*

Arns: Yes, the pressure came from the people, as well as from the universities, the artists, the church, the lawyers' organization and the journalists' association. It was agreed that our way must be a democratic one.

BAILEYS

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Gazing in eloquent silence, out over rolling green hills and lush, pastoral countrysides, that even Time itself, dares not disturb.
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And Irish whiskey, called in Gaelic, "uisce beatha," and unique in all the world. Soft Irish mists, ocean winds and sparkling clean air help make it so. How could it be otherwise, in a land where a man can stand on the smooth Wicklow Hills behind Dublin, and see clear across the Irish Sea to the mountains of Wales?

We are delighted to be able to share this treasured spirit with you.

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For whom will the bell toll?





HIRES GAMMA LIAISON

Horgan (fer left), Allen and Maasa (above); Giordeno (left): a 'D' on his undershorts



HIRES GAMMA LIAISON



HIRES GAMMA LIAISON

Lyons 'Carter's ol' lady' bosses him

By Michael Posner

"I'm a Democrat," says Tommy Giordano, his voice—ravaged by cancer—is a harsh rasp "All my life. I been a Democratic ward-heeler and a Democratic councilman A stalwart, unnerstand? My shorts, for Christ's sake, they got a D on them. . I'm voting for Ronald Reagan"

Spend a morning prowling the congested byways of south Philadelphia and the reasons why Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign is in trouble become dramatically apparent. It is not simply that once-loyal blue-collar Democrats have suddenly embraced Republican dogma, most have not But in numbers that are surely disquieting for Democratic pollsters, the voters of South 9th Street express deep misgiving about the president, his record and the sort of campaign he has waged.

Tommy Giordano throws out his arms like an opera singer "Carter what's he done? Am I right? Came here three weeks ago Shoulda seen them His guys was pushing white people aside so's he could shake hands with the blacks Made me sick. What is this? White people vote too, am I right?" Such sentiments are voiced frequently along the rows of lettuce and zucchini in the 9th Street market Many registered Democrats, stopping short of an outright commitment to Reagan, say they do not know whom they will cast their ballot for, the choice depresses them "Ain't no one gonna do nothin' for me," says Sylvia Lyons "Jimmy Carter his ol' lady tell him when to move, Reagan he's a fanatic John Anderson he's just runnin' his lips I'm old, I'm sick, I'm poor, who's gonna change that?" Together with solid Republican support in Philadelphia's middle-class suburbs, similar opinions have given Ronald Reagan a four-percentage-point advantage in recent polls Carter won the state by 123,000 votes in 1976 and must win it again to earn a second term in the Oval Office "If he loses Pennsylvania, he loses—period," admits Carter's state co-ordinator Dan Horgan "He simply can't win without it."

Yet Horgan insists the campaign is right where he wants it to be. "Remember, I was 30 points behind in July. Now I'm four. By Nov. 4 we'll be as close as wallpaper" It was Horgan who ran Carter's Ohio race in 1976 and drew 84 per cent of his targeted vote to the ballot box Carter won the state by 11,000 votes. Pennsylvania could be just as close, but the GOP is optimistic. "For Carter to win now," says longtime Republican pol Billy Meehan, "he's got to lure Reagan into something stupid, like Taiwan or evolution Who the hell cares about Taiwan on 9th Street? They're too busy worrying about what they're gonna eat" Some Reagan advisers believe the challenger must become more assertive in the final weeks, that to sit on his lead may be fatal. Meehan is not



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among them. "Just let him keep talkin' about the economy. Motherhood, my friend, and the economy."

Both camps recognize the decisive importance of Pennsylvania's 27 electoral college votes. The president plans at least two more incursions, his wife, Rosalynn, hit six of the state's eastern towns one day last week. The Republicans have had Reagan, running-mate George Bush or surrogates somewhere in the state almost weekly, and plan 300,000 phone calls to voters before election day. "We need to draw strong support from traditional Republicans," explains press co-ordinator Jeff Peters. "And we need to hold down the Democratic vote in Philadelphia." Carter won the city in 1976 by 250,000. Says Peters: "If he wins this time by 215,000 or more, we're in trouble."

To erode Carter's base, the GOP is making an earnest pitch to both blue-collar workers and the Jewish vote. Last week, Chief of Staff Ed Meese and senior foreign policy adviser Richard Allen breezed into town to brief Jewish community leaders on Reagan's pro-Israel, anti-PLO positions. Gerry Ford drew 25 per cent of the Jewish vote in 1976. State campaign Chairman Dick Fox, himself a Jew, contends that 50 per cent this time "is not unrealistic." Horgan disagrees. "The Jews will come home." Neither Meese nor Allen was surprised by the week's most important political development: the president's admission that his attacks on Ronald Reagan were "probably ill-advised", and that henceforth he would stick to issues. Said Allen: "Pat Caddell [Carter's top pollster] simply told him what our own polls have been saying to us: it wasn't working." Indeed, Pennsylvania co-ordinator Horgan conceded: "The strategy may have been a tactical error."

Jimmy Carter's strongest political card has long been Americans' perception of him as an essentially decent man. Whatever his failures as president, he was seen to be a good, God-fearing Christian doing his best at a devilish job. The repeated suggestion that Reagan's election would divide North from South, urban from rural, black from white and Christian from Jew tarnished that image and offended large portions of Carter's root constituency. Observers believe there is ample time to turn things around, but it is increasingly apparent that Carter is facing a stiff fight from Reagan in the industrial northeastern states. Independent John Anderson's refusal to fold his tents is not helping. A recent Gallup poll in Pennsylvania gave the Illinois congressman nine per cent in Philadelphia, 13 per cent in the Metro area, if even that support endures until Nov. 4, the Carter presidency will become the property of historians.

Bye-bye black sheep?

A 16-strong troop of boy scouts from Baltimore, Md., skipped up the steep steps of Capitol Hill last week on their first ever visit to Congress. As they reached the big doors, their leader admonished them: "Now, remember, in this place we do as they say, not as they do. It's for us to set an example." At first there were giggles, then guffaws. The scouts, aged about 14, seemed to have slipped into cynicism with the same ease that American legislators are sinking into scandal. The incident, observed by several grim-faced congressional staffers, appeared to sum up perfectly the extent to which public confidence has been undermined by the actions of congressmen such as Michael "Ozzie" Myers, John W. Jenrette Jr. and Robert O. Bauman. All have been publicly arraigned for offences that the electorate might have been forgiven for supposing would send them scurrying out of public life. But at week's end, all three held tearful press conferences saying they planned to run again.

Bauman, 43, a Republican from Maryland, is a staunch conservative who has mounted vitriolic attacks against such bills as one seeking to afford homosexuals equal rights under the law. But last week Bauman announced that he had solicited sex from a 16-year-old boy, that he was an alcoholic and that he had "homosexual tendencies." At the same time, he insisted that neither condition had affected his work and claimed that if re-elected he would continue his crusade against homosexuals, abortion and gun control because "I understand human weakness better than ever." Bauman's agreement to enter a rehabilitation program for first offenders saved him from trial, although police sources say that he has frequented "gay bars"—including one "well-known as a place for older men to pick up juvenile sex partners"—for years. But the 26-year-old bartender who claimed to be Bauman's homosexual lover was arrested at week's end and charged with trying to blackmail the congressman.





Jenrette and tearful wife, Rita, after verdict (top), Carol Bauman listens as husband, Robert, admits to homosexual tendencies; a bartender was charged with blackmail

To some extent the Bauman scandal overshadowed the conviction of John W. Jenrette Jr., a Democrat from South Carolina, on charges of bribery and conspiracy involving $50,000 in cash which he took from an FBI undercover agent in the Abscam inquiry. Like Bauman, Jenrette claimed that he was drunk when he committed his offence. His eyes red from crying, he told a reporter after the verdict: "It seems that you can't take a drink anymore or do a favor for a friend. I have lost all faith in justice." Nevertheless, when Congress returns on Nov. 12 from the fall recess it is likely that Jenrette, should he be re-elected, will become the second man in a matter of months to be expelled from the House of Representatives.

The first was Myers, 37. The Pennsylvania Democrat achieved the unenviable distinction of being the first man since 1861 to be thrown out of the House on Oct. 2 after his conviction for taking $50,000 from another Abscam agent. As he stuffed the cash into his pockets, Myers said: "I'm gonna tell you somethin' real simple and short. Money talks in this business and bullshit walks." But he too now says that he was drunk and is standing again in November.

In all, according to one tally, in the past two years five congressmen have been sent to prison, eight have been indicted for stealing, one has been prosecuted for obstructing a police officer, another for soliciting a prostitute and three for bothering young boys. In 1978, New York Democrat Frederick Richmond was returned after admitting involvement in a homosexual incident that led to a criminal charge. But many voters are likely to agree with the view of Betty Christensen of Fairfax, Va. She wrote to *The Washington Star* last week: "I am sick to death of what I see representing the people of America."

William Lowther

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Earning a mountain out of a coal hill



Helliwell (left) and Kaiser at OSC hearing: generous perks, shattered confidence

When BC Premier Bill Bennett introduced his British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. (BCRIC) in 1979, he trumpeted it as a sort of Fisher-Price learning toy to introduce BC citizens to the wonders of capitalism. Instead, it has demonstrated to many of the 1.8 million BCRIC shareholders that the little guy is often the last to benefit in the complex world of big business. Following weeks of clamoring from press, analysts and opposition politicians, BCRIC's multimillion take-over bid of Kaiser Resources Ltd. cleared the last major hurdle last week when the Ontario Securities Commission (OSC) and its BC counterpart approved minor revisions to the terms of a controversial agreement signed with Kaiser Resources Chairman Edgar Kaiser Jr. Although the OSC ruled that Kaiser Jr. had not technically received a "sweetheart" deal for his Kaiser shares, it did little to dispel the widespread belief in BC that a razor-sharp Edgar Kaiser had nicked an over-eager and inexperienced BCRIC President David Helliwell—and that BCRIC shareholders would pay the price.

The messy imbroglio began in September when a rumored move on Kaiser Resources by out-of-province companies precipitated a breakneck 10-day bargaining session that resulted in a hungry BCRIC offering $55 a share—70 per cent over market value—for Canada's largest coal company (it will cost BCRIC some $660 million for 66 per cent of Kaiser Resources, Japanese steel interests hold the rest). In its haste to buy, BCRIC threw in what many considered generous perks to Kaiser. He will resign his executive post but garner $10 million a year (for up to four years) for marketing Kaiser Resources coal, although 70 per cent of it has already been committed to the Japanese through long-term contracts. In addition, Kaiser will buy a collection of planes, cars and luxury apartments for $15 million and has the right to buy back U.S.-based Kaiser Oil Ltd. for $23 million.

Mutterings about the high price (BCRIC last April had rejected an option to buy 25 per cent of Kaiser Resources at $44 a share) were amplified by subsequent revelations that two directors, Helliwell and developer Jack Poole, owned Kaiser stock at the time of the BCRIC offer. (Neither of them voted on the offer, but with the absence of one director the abstentions left approval to only three members of the six-man board.) Worse, BCRIC shares remained flat after the offer while the price of Kaiser Resources soared. Although the OSC ruling makes it all but certain that BCRIC will take up the 12.1 million shares tendered last week, a few clouds remain. A BC superintendent of brokers' investigation into alleged insider trading of Kaiser Resources stock in the hours prior to the bid continues. A threatened $100-million suit against Kaiser Resources by Dome Petroleum Ltd. over Dome's February purchase of Kaiser Petroleum Ltd. could stall the final BCRIC purchase despite the fact that Edgar Kaiser predicts an early settlement. With a provincial election at least two years away, the political damage to Bill Bennett caused by what is being called the "BCRIC fiasco" is probably mendable. And if Kaiser Resources is as fine a company as it is reputed to be, time may also mend the shattered confidence of BCRIC shareholders. A couple of years ago, one of Kaiser's senior executives was asked why he put up with being worked into the ground. "Well," said the executive, brightening, "Edgar has said he'll make us all rich." Kaiser (who will gross about $50 million for the sale of his shares) was true to his word as far as he and his own shareholders were concerned. It remains to be seen if the same magic will rub off on BCRIC.

Thomas Hopkins

You can't always get what you want

To the voyeur of corporate life, a take-over is the most salacious of spectacles. The public battle and heady stakes involved strip away the veils of secrecy and decorum that normally shroud business. For four months, Albertans have been entertained by Atco's unsuccessful pursuit of Calgary Power. Public appetite remained undiminished last week as it took one of the main salons at the Calgary Convention Centre to house the 300 shareholders and financial experts who turned out for the annual meeting, looking for another titillating episode.

"Annual meetings, by their very nature, are tedious," began Atco President Ron Southern, 50, who, with his father,

Southern: knowing chuckles, fading dreams



transformed a backyard utility-trailer operation into a global shelter manufacturing business in 30 years, "but I hope you'll find this one interesting." That elicited knowing chuckles from the audience bathed in the glare of television lights but, in the end, they heard much about the glorious future of Atco and little about the subject uppermost in their minds Atco's acquisition earlier this year of a controlling 58 per cent in Canadian Utilities Ltd from Philadelphia-based IU International Corp elevated Atco to 29th from 101st place in a ranking of Canadian corporations by assets Now, said Southern, the shelter manufacturing company could more accurately be termed "an energy and resources company." But his dream of turning Atco into an Alberta utility giant is fading under the barrage of legal obstacles thrown in his path by Calgary Power

The enmity between the two companies began when Atco and Calgary Power scrimmaged over the "repatriation" of the controlling block of shares of Canadian Utilities, power supplier to northern Alberta Atco won that prize but Calgary Power, the main electrical utility in southern Alberta, promptly nabbed the minority interest of 41 per cent in a bid to public shareholders The move enraged Atco It fought back last June by offering, through a subsidiary, $21 cash for each of the 24,450,000 common shares of Calgary Power, a bid that, if successful, would give Atco control of 80 per cent of the electrical power generated in the province

Calgary Power's reaction to the bid was to drop the discreet low-profile characteristic of the well-managed utility and to lash out in all directions It contended the offer was poor for shareholders, would strain Atco's already dangerously extended debt load, and would, as well, threaten the efficiency and low cost of Alberta's electrical service In a series of rapid moves, Calgary Power took its case to the Court of Queen's Bench, the Alberta Public Utilities Board (PUB) and the Alberta Securities Commission Their decisions, largely in Calgary Power's favor, have meant that Atco is now on its third bid attempt and still no closer to victory Atco, which maintains it is not a utility company, is appealing PUB's jurisdiction to call a public hearing into the offer If it loses, Atco will likely pull out altogether

Although an Atco retreat would be hailed as a moral victory by Calgary Power, it would disappoint those shareholders who wanted to reap a gain The offer has been widely recommended by major brokerage firms, and some are angry that shareholders may never have the chance to consider it. The poison from the dispute has also spread to a prominent Calgary law firm, Jones, Black & Co., whose senior partners split up over the question of which side to represent. Further, the rift between Southern and Calgary Power's President Marshall Williams has highlighted tensions between the new and old factions of Alberta's business elite No matter what happens to the Atco bid, its legacy of antagonism will persist long after the curtain descends on the current spectacle.

Suzanne Zwarun/Gillian MacKay



Hamel (left); Nordair 737; Lizotte: a political hornets' nest from the start

Wings clipped stingers out

It's as though one of the airline's Boeing 737s is hurtling down the runway, seconds from takeoff velocity, when from the tower comes an order to abort. The panic among pilots and passengers in such a predicament compares to the dismay of Quebec business and political leaders at Ottawa's sudden reversal of a pledge to resell nationalized Nordair to private owners

Before last May's Quebec referendum, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin all but promised that a Quebec-dominated consortium led by Quebecair President Alfred Hamel would be permitted to buy the prized carrier, whose routes extend from Montreal to Winnipeg and into the eastern Arctic. But, it seems, with the referendum safely out of the way, the Trudeau government moved on to a new priority—constitutional reform—where Ontario's support is more vital than Quebec's. In a sharp about-face, the federal government caved in to opposition from Ontario over the sale of Air Canada's 86-per-cent holding in Nordair to the Hamel consortium Pepin changed the rules at the last minute by insisting that Ontario interests would have to own at least as much of the airline as Quebeckers, effectively scuttling the deal.

The person really feeling the squeeze, however, is Hamel, as this new federal flip-flop also jeopardizes his investment in Quebecair, which he and a group of Quebec investors purchased with the intention of acquiring Nordair as well. The Hamel consortium, which includes the powerful Desjardins credit union group, learned of the federal reversal this summer in Montreal when Pepin's officials said the purchase would be approved only if they juggled the deal so that Ontario interests would be cut in as well to the tune of 40 per cent—the same as the Quebec group—with Air Canada retaining one-fifth. Pleased by the federal shift from Quebec to Ontario is Nordair management. Some of its employees, led by President André Lisotte, had created their own consortium to buy the airline, fearful that Hamel's French-language Quebecair would come to dominate Nordair's administration A political hornets' nest from the start, the Nordair affair now has become even more unpredictable, buzzing with federal opportunism and interprovincial squabbling.

David Thomas



Andrew Crosbie in St. John's office, the Percy M Crosbie (below) inheriting Newfoundland's biggest fortune

DICK GREEN

I's the b'y that buys the boats

By Geoff Hunt

Andrew Crosbie The name is synonymous with wealth and power in Newfoundland He runs Crosbie Enterprises Limited, the mini-empire of St. John's, from the Crosbie Building on Crosbie Road Crosbie this. Crosbie that For a Newfoundlander, the only thing that would seem odd would be to cast a glance about the island and *not* behold something of the Crosbie works Try approaching St John's by sea Just outside the harbor narrows at Freshwater Bay, Andrew Crosbie has already started dreaming up plans to put in a second deepwater port in the fast-crowding harbor Crosbie-operated supply tugs are loading provisions for Mobil Oil Canada Ltd which is drilling on the Grand Banks At another jetty, a Crosbie freighter or two are tied up. On Harbour Drive, over which run the ubiquitous bright red Crosbie tractor-trailers and plenty of Crosbie-insured autos (some towing trailers bought from Crosbie's), looms the biggest building in downtown St John's, Crosbie's Atlantic Place That's just the beginning There are Crosbie-owned buildings, roads, bridges, indeed, the very seat of government, the Confederation Building, was built partially by the Crosbie company. So grand is the legend that it takes one of his own buildings to bring it down to size. Atlantic Place is a squat, ugly, nine-storey thing casting an incongruous shadow over old Water Street. It's been dubbed "Andrew's Folly," proving, at least to the locals, that Andrew Crosbie is human, even his dollars can sometimes turn to dishrags.

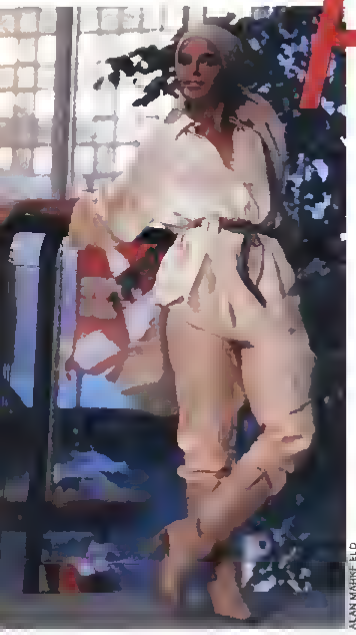


This week, the 47-year-old Crosbie is back in the news Another corporate reorganization and more work for Crosbie Enterprises tapping the expected boom in Newfoundland's off-shore resources. People have always said Andrew Crosbie was a shrewd businessman, but many didn't know just *how* shrewd until they saw how quickly he has moved, following Newfoundland's Hibernia breakthrough, to control about half the related shipping, towing and barge business "It won't last if development doesn't follow exploration," says Crosbie, the realist shining through "But if it does come about, obviously it will mean a great deal to this company."

The company comprises nearly two dozen subsidiaries with 2,500 employees Revenue last year was $120 million after selling the money-losing Eastern Provincial Airways, the country's fifth-largest airline, for $10 million in 1978 and replacing it with a burgeoning off-shore servicing business which today is his fastest-growing business

Even more remarkable is that Crosbie Enterprises is strictly a one-man show Andrew John Crosbie, his older brother by two years, may be more famous, having achieved political stardom first in the Newfoundland legislature and, more recently, as Joe Clark's finance minister While both brothers inherited Newfoundland's biggest fortune from their father, Chesley, in 1962—a solid business based on a turn-of-the-century fishery founded by their grandfather—Andrew subsequently bought out John

Crosbie works 10 hours a day A director of a number of companies, including the Bank of Montreal, Crosbie claims his personal wealth is "well shy" of one published estimate of $50 million "Most of my money is tied up. Wealth is money you have in the bank." Lately, Crosbie's attention has been focused on a new shipping deal, a proposed merger between another company and one of his own which would give him—pending several wrinkles still to be worked out with Ottawa—fully 40 per cent of the sea-freight traffic entering Newfoundland In fact, if there's anywhere in the province where you can't find the Crosbie presence, the Crosbies would like to know about it They'll be there.



ALAN MARNFIELD

Harper (above) and Hull: to the Jet, freedom's just another word for $600,000



"I answered love letters for **Fred Flintstone**, that's how bad it was," laughs **Shari Belafonte Harper**, who once worked as a publicist for the Hanna-Barbera cartoon mill. Harper, 26, is now in front of the cameras as a model and actress. Last week she completed work on the Canadian feature *If You Could See What I Hear*, the biography of blind athlete, singer and pianist **Tom Sullivan**, to whom Harper gives a loving jilt. As the daughter of singer **Harry Belafonte** and model-turned-doctor **Francoa Mazique**, Harper has found that famous family ties don't hurt a career. "I'm sure there are people out there who ask me to audition just so they can take a look at Harry Belafonte's daughter," she admits. "When I was starting out, I was told I'd have no problem getting fast-food commercials, but I did." Later, Harper was finally told the truth by an advertising executive friend: "I'm just not black enough."

Freedom always has its price, and in the case of 41-year-old hockey superstar **Bobby Hull** the tag reads $600,000. Last week Mr. Justice **Louis Paniuk** of the Manitoba Court of Queen's bench ordered Hull to hand over $460,000 as a property settlement to his former wife, **Joanna**. The Golden Jet also has to make a lump sum payment of $100,696.55 to cover unpaid maintenance and family bills. There are other lumps to swallow too, such as $30,000, plus disbursements, for his former wife's legal fees, a share of Hull's $430,000 chunk of the Winnipeg Jets if it is ever sold and $37,500, which Joanne Hull has to match, into a trust fund for the three children. Hull is also required to pay $4,000 a month in maintenance.

In all, it's a settlement at which **John Craig Eaton** would surely blanch. Eaton, chairman of the board of the department store chain, went to the Supreme Court of Canada last week trying to stop monthly payments of $2,500 to his former wife, **Catharina Burdick Eaton**, who, Eaton contended, lives "in a state resembling matrimony" with **John Cardwell**. Eaton's request was denied, despite his complaint that his former wife had lent Cardwell $100,000 and had given him access to everything from her home to her cabin cruiser.



PETER NOBLE



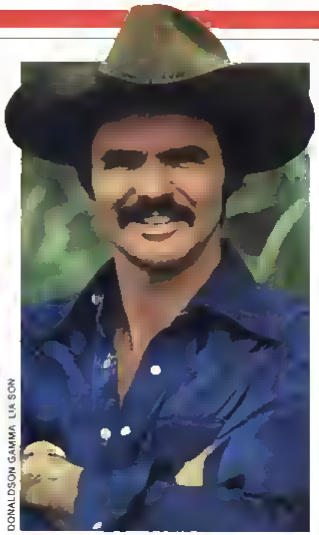
PETER NOBLE

Banatar in concert and with Schwartz (right): hitting the charts with their best shot

"In the original context of the song, I'm the one who gets beat up. So anyone who misconstrues *Hit Me With Your Best Shot* as a sexist anthem is missing the point of the song," explains Toronto-born **Eddie Schwartz** in answer to critics who have suggested that the song, as sung by heavy-metal femme fatale **Pat Benatar**, fosters violence toward women. After years in the shadow of Canadian singer **Charity Brown**, Schwartz is finding fame as a composer as well as a singer, though it was Benatar who got her face on the cover of *Rolling Stone* after the success of *Best Shot*. Schwartz has also composed songs for German disco-star **Amii Stewart**, **Long John Baldry** and **Peter Frampton**. A caustic Schwartz reports that Frampton had the most difficulty with his grinding melodies. "His band recorded the song *Heart on Fire* in three different keys and he still couldn't sing it."

The most colorful figure on the Vancouver political scene these days is pesky **Stan Persky**, a community college sociology instructor who enjoys poking a rapier at B.C.'s prim and powerful. Last year Persky wrote *Son of Socred*, a less-than-kindly look at Premier **Bill Bennett** and the Social Credit government. It sold a respectable 10,000 copies. This year Persky has taken a soft-cover swipe at Vancouver Mayor **Jack Volrich**, titled *The House That Jack Built*. Persky's next target is **J.V. Clyne**, whom he plans to challenge for the chancellorship of the University of British Columbia. Clyne is a former justice of the B.C. Supreme Court and past chairman of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. Unimpressed with Clyne's qualifications, Persky, in typical style, told the campus paper, *The Ubyssey*, "As long as they're planning to run some bourgeois pig again and hang the robes of office from some giant timber baron or the guy who owns all the fish, I will be around. I intend to make as grand a gesture as I can," froths the former campus radical. For his part, Clyne declines comment, describing Persky only as "an unpleasant individual."

Seemingly without regard for the reading public, veteran politicians often write their memoirs. Not so for **Don Jamieson**, who at month's end will be stepping down as leader of Newfoundland's Liberal party—he has put his on record. Forgoing tales of power in both federal and provincial arenas, the onetime broadcaster and former external affairs minister opted for such selections as *Memories of Christmas in Old St. John's* and *Father Eb's Christmas Stocking* to fill his double record album, *Don Jamieson Remembers*. The record Jamieson stands by is into its second pressing and doing well at $14.95, but the 59-year-old says he did it at family bidding and plans no career in the vinyl industry.



DONALDSON GAMMA/LIAISON

Raynolds (above) and Nader: attempting social values to popcorn conversation



BRACK BLACK STAR

The last person one could imagine mouthing the words "hooray for Hollywood" is U.S. consumer advocate and very serious man **Ralph Nader**. But recently, Nader joined the ranks of Hollywood and Vine moguls when his New Citizen Productions opened shop with the noble ambition of producing movies that "hold some redeeming social value." According to chief of production **Mark Litwak**, Nader realized the power of the medium when the Three Mile Island nuclear accident dovetailed with the release of *The China Syndrome* and gave new relevance to popcorn conversation. So far, Nader has contected his allies **Jane Fonda** and **Robert Radford** about possible work and the Nader droids are reading through the real-life Nader's Raiders files looking for "anything of social significance."

Author **Larry King** earns $1 million a year in royalties from the hit Broadway musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, but when the movie rights were purchased one executive told him that all they really wanted was the title. In *The Washington Post*, King announced that he's now so upset at script changes demanded by the movie's star, **Burt Reynolds**, that he thinks the title should be changed to *Smokey and the Bandit Go to a Whorehouse*. It seems Reynolds refused to play his sheriff character as a 62-year-old King relented and made the character 50, but Reynolds has worked it down to a "young, macho 35-year-old." King also expresses disdain for leading lady **Dolly Parton**, who is rumored to be writing her own songs. "I also heard that she's gonna wear those outlandish wigs of hers," he complains. "I don't believe she's got real hair. I think she's bald and that hair may not be all that's false."

"It's just a matter of completing the sentence," says Vancouver filmmaker **Al Razutis**, whose nine-minute movie *A Message From Our Sponsor* completes excerpts from over 200 TV commercials with some sizzlingly explicit footage. The film had been chosen by a jury to be part of the nationally touring Canadian Filmmakers Series IV this winter when word came from its sponsor, The National Gallery of Canada, that the film might contravene the Criminal Code and wasn't going anywhere. "How can they give the film the distinction of being chosen and not show it?" asks Razutis, who was joined in protest by the 10 other film-makers in the exhibition. "If this attitude continues, they'll soon be putting Band-Aids over certain parts of their paintings."

On the '50s TV series *Les Plouffes (The Plouffe Family)* they were father and son, so it was only fitting that actor **Emile Ganast** stayed with his TV "father," **Paul Guavremont**, after returning to Montreal via Hollywood 11 years ago. "In fact, I slept so well I stole the pillow," confesses Genest. Now Genest, 59, finds he has taken the late Guevremont's role in a five-hour film revival of the old series, being directed by **Gilles Carle**. After six years of playing the frustrated Napoleon in both French and English in CBC's first homegrown drama series, Genest says he was nervous about taking on the role of Theophile, father of the war-era Quebec City family. "Nervous—until I went home and slept on the same pillow."

Edited by Marsha Boulton

The prime of Ms. Anne Murray



By David Livingstone

On Labor Day at the Michigan State Fair the choice of amusements is motley. Every seven minutes, a hapless young woman is standing in the back of a truck from Alabama turning into Zambira the Ape Girl before your very eyes. Ronald Reagan is scheduled to appear on the grounds in late afternoon. And Anne Murray is in for a two-a-day at the grandstand. Between acts, you might drop by the Rabbits and Pigeons building to catch the flustered roosters crowing nonstop. Or you might take in the merchandise building where the Christadelphians are handing out rulers with news of Christ's coming and Brownberry breads is giving away burnt offerings of cinnamon-raisin loaf. "I think my toaster is getting a little tired. Some of this is coming out a little dark," says Brownberry's apostle, eyes down, hands busy buttering. "That's just the way my mother likes it," testifies one of the middle-aged women pressed against the booth like eager communicants. "Well, different strokes for different folks," comes a well-greased reply.

The same might be said about Anne Murray. To some, she's the soul of pap, to others, the best thing since, well, sliced bread. But it's a quantitative fact that, at 35, Anne Murray is at her prime, soaring jubilantly beyond matters of opinion. This summer, 10 years after *Snowbird* hit the charts, the Canadian Recording Industry Association honored her as female artist of the decade. In recognition of her place in the international firmament, a star with her name was unveiled in a sidewalk in Hollywood. To complete the iconography, a piper piped and Mounties attended her at the ceremony. For her six-night engagement in August at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre, box-office was boffo. It was the fastest-selling event in the annals of that theatre. Last month, *Anne Murray's Greatest Hits* was released, including *Could I Have This Dance*, a tune from the sound track of *Urban Cowboy* and her latest single. Within days after its appearance in the stores, the song was being listed on country, adult contemporary and pop charts. A wistful waltz with steel guitars, it might even supplant her Grammy-winning *You Needed Me* as the favorite first dance of the country's newly married. And on the cover of the album, that's no snowbird she's wearing. That's marabou.

Anne Murray is now a full-fledged star the likes of which Canada has rarely known. She has been fawned over for her wholesome ways and chased by those out for the goods on this corn-fed goody-two-shoes. Her lore is drenched with images, so much so that, as she puts it, "The image thing has always been a problem. You know, Anne Murray, the girl next door. Who cares? The only problem is that a lot of people won't listen because of that image. I'm not the girl next door, and I just want to get on with what I do." These days, the hallmark of her style is efficiency—a professional fully in control of her career. Still buoyant from the success of *You Needed Me*, Murray now basks in a feeling of confidence.

It wasn't always that way. Everything before 1976 was, as she puts it, "the dues-paying years," when she was a-fret with fears of being a one-hit wonder and later plagued by unwise spending and inappropriate American management. "In 1976, I was broke," she says, providing a summary of, and a dramatic headline for, the first chapter. With marriage to her former manager, Bill Langstroth, and the birth of her first child, Wilham, she went into a period of voluntary semiretirement "for peace of mind." It was at that time that she made the fateful recording of *You Needed Me*, and by early 1978 a new attitude was in effect. She broke her retreat, moved into a new house in Toronto's Thornhill, and *You Needed Me* was released. By November, it was No. 1 on *Billboard*'s list of pop hits. Since then, carefully maintained by her personal management company, Balmur Ltd., and overseen by its tireless president, Leonard Rambeau, Murray's momentum has accelerated.

Job security neatly reaffirmed, Murray now derives renewed pleasure from such "dates" as the Labor Day engagement in Detroit. It's also the kind of one-day performance that can be juggled into a schedule that leaves her, on the average, four days a week for pursuing a private domestic life. Bound for the fair, Murray boards a chartered Convair 640 in Toronto at 9:20 a.m. Dressed in white overalls, a light cotton plaid shirt, white socks and white jazz oxfords, she is fetchingly, if somewhat hygienically, gamine. White bag slung over her shoulder, hands thrust into pockets, she appears more raring to go than, in fact, she feels. It's the morning after her smash run at the O'Keefe, and she would just as soon be celebrating. "It looked good on paper. It's one of those deals that when you saw it you thought, 'Finish at the O'Keefe. Then, it's just a short hop over to Detroit.' And yet—I feel a little tired." The pilot's announcement of imminent turbulence does not allay her restive mood, but she accepts it with a resigned "I knew it!" That's the last of her dissatisfaction. During the flight, she grows voluble and bold enough to sample the doughnuts being served by the stewardess. She asks for one of "the big, dirty ones with chocolate on them," and preludes her first bite with, "This ought to make my face break out just great."

Murray's strong stomach—she can also eat lobster for breakfast—is just the most visceral aspect of a fortitude of character more prettily revealed in her conversation which on this occasion, as on others, is uninhibited, unpolitic and disarmingly, sincerely down-to-earth. From someone who in front of a camera often comes off looking guarded and ill at ease (especially in her work for the Bank of Commerce where her discomfort seems practically embossed), the openness in private is an engaging surprise. She is neither the stodgy, beatific our lady of mortgages and home improvements, nor the naïve down-east tomboy of "our Annie" fame. Her remarks have a worldly directness typified in her explanation of how she, the very same person quoted in 1973 as saying, "I got turned off when I saw Nancy Greene doing Mars bars," came to do commercials. "I said I'd never do them. I used to say that kind of thing a lot. But there came a time in my life when I wanted to spend time in Canada, I wanted to be with William and Bill. I didn't have records. It was one of those things, and I thought if I can get a commercial that is done in a classy way and it fits in the sense that the Bank of Commerce *was* my first bank."

Never the stereotypical Maritime rube—she was, after all, the daughter of a prominent surgeon and has never eaten boiled dinners or bread and molasses—Murray, if anything, is a symbol of a middle class that was overshadowed by colorful, hard-luck *Goin' Down the Road* mythology which, until recently, was not known to exist east of Montreal. Still, like other Atlantic province luminaries, Flora MacDonald and John Crosbie, Murray displays a staunchness and dry sarcastic wit common in that part of the world where "putting on the dog" is a cardinal offence.

Unlike John Allan Cameron, a fellow Maritime performer who threatens to become a professional Celt, Morna Anne Murray wears her background discreetly. From her father, Carson Murray, she has inherited the dimple on her chin and a reclusive temperament. She's no fonder of eating in restaurants now than she was at 10. From her mother, Marion, trim and comely at 66, she has received an artlessly lovely and symmetrical face and the ability to summon graciousness under pressure. Last April 2, the day of her father's funeral, it was her mother who stalwartly suggested watching the Juno Awards for music on television.

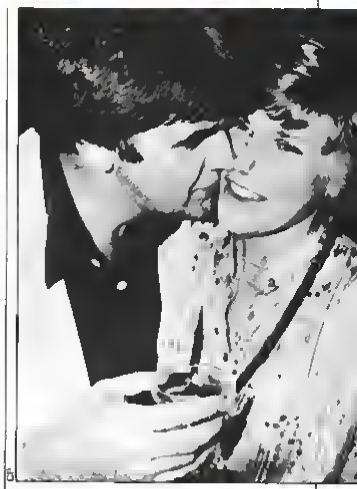
During that broadcast, Anne Murray was named a winner in four categories, and at a press conference last August she picked up the awards in person. It was a totally Rotarian affair, with Murray being compared to a princess for her support of the Canadian Save the Children Fund and being gifted with such tributes as a scarf bearing the logo of Toronto's six interlocking municipalities. Nervously flicking her unpainted nails, Murray was decorously self-conscious in the manner of a young vicar's wife meeting parishioners for the first time or, as is the fact of the matter, like someone whose mother thinks that chewing gum in public looks tough. When the inevitable inquiry arose from the press about the bachelor who repeatedly dogged her last spring (to the point of showing up at her father's funeral) and who was finally jailed, her response was heartfelt and eloquent. "It was never my intention to have him end up in jail," she said. Sometimes matronly, always straightforward, she also has unmistakable sass. Even as a regular on *Singalong Jubilee* in the late '60s, she conveyed a sort of teasing arrogance. While not exactly extroverted, she had a self-mocking cockiness that toughened her innocence. Going without shoes on



With son, William, 1976: soul of pap?



Rambeau (left); parents at testimonial dinner, 1973: 'I'm not the girl next door'



With husband after Carnegie Hall, 1979

The prime of Ms. Anne Murray

Singalong shows might have been comfortable or might have seemed calculatedly hayseed, but it was also a gamey "shtick." The gamineness is still there. At 3 in the afternoon, when Anne Murray takes to the stage of the Michigan State Fair, she is wearing shades of Vegas—a beaded lurex and chiffon jacket over a mushroom-pleated peach-colored French silk gown. "Glitter" she boasts with a grin. It's easy to discern the silhouette of her shapely legs through her skirt and just as easy to think you are seeing more. She knew the dress was that way when she had it made. In a similarly provocative vein are the flirtatious anecdotes about Burt Reynolds, who is really no more than a loyal fan, Murray insists. But the glamor is also a joke, her own play on the comedy inherent in the very idea of Anne Murray cutting up and acting sexy.



Ours | Mendelson Joe's acrylic view

There's something for everybody in an Anne Murray show, but a survey of the matinee crowd in Detroit doesn't really say who everybody is. There's a cross section of age groups, but it's perhaps easier to note who's *not* among the fans. There are very few blacks, no punks, no heavily denimed heavy-metal rockers. Most of the people there would probably consider it a kick to see Murray live at the Riviera in Las Vegas. The only readily identifiable segment are a number of pairs of women with short hair and dressed like little leaguers. These, surely, are some of Murray's famous sapphic followers who have turned out to see their favorite ex-gym teacher. Murray is used to interviewers' curiosity about her popularity with gay women, a matter that has sometimes been raised as if it were something embarrassing or shameful. The question leaves her bored but not abashed, and she expresses an unbigoted gratitude for their support. "They've been loyal," she says simply.

So, for different reasons, has Leonard Rambeau, the stocky, tone-deaf Maritimer who acts as her chief career counsellor. Firm of purpose and obviously tickled that he, a boy from Smelt Brook, Cape Breton, has been showing the Canadian entertainment industry how it's done, Rambeau has been responsible for the so far fail-proof policy that has invigorated her success since 1978. There is little missing from Rambeau's mental files on her going back to 1969 and the benefit concert he arranged for the alumnae of St. Mary's University in Halifax. After that show, Murray told him, "If I ever get lucky in this business or go full-time, I'll come back to you for manager." She moved to Toronto in January, 1971. He followed on May 10. Remarkably adroit with dates, facts and figures, he outlines how, for the Michigan date, Murray will receive a base of $30,000 plus a dollar for every person admitted to the grounds between 8 in the morning and midnight. The six shows at the O'Keefe Centre grossed more than $270,000 of which she took home about $170,000. Rambeau eagerly describes the mistakes of former managers, such as Shep Gordon, Alice Cooper's Svengali, who now handles Blondie and who in the mid-'70s had a go at packaging Murray for a hip market, arranging for shots of her and John Lennon and booking her for Central Park with rocker Bruce Springsteen as a warm-up act. "With Anne, you've basically got the talent and the voice, and you can't go out and gimmick her," says Rambeau. "You have to present her as she is. What I've tried to do—and we've both tried to do together—is treat her as a classy lady."

Essentially, Rambeau's approach is a combination of thinking big and common sense. Murray's career is conceived as unfolding in a series of "events." Past events have included appearances at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto, New York's Carnegie Hall, Houston's Astrodome. For the future, there may be an American network special, filming at New York's Radio City Music Hall for "a pay-television situation," trips to Japan and Australia and a return engagement at Houston's Astrodome. All such strategies are carefully timed, ordered and









Growing up (left to right): at 10 in Springhill, N.S.; in high school, 1960. 'Singalong Jubilee,' 1967; portrait singer, 1968. 'You can't go out and gimmick her'

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The prime of Ms. Anne Murray





PETER NOBLE

Getting her own Hollywood star; at Ontario Place: different strokes for different folks

lubricated by deft and closely watched publicity. Promotional photographs are issued discriminately, each designed to be as "human-looking" as possible. As for granting interviews, Rambeau says, 'You have to get the best return for your time."

In many respects, Rambeau's plotting seems fiendishly mechanical, but it's so practical and transparent that one wonders why there aren't more Canadian managers like him. Characteristically, Murray is so blunt on the subject that none of it seems truly insidious. She doesn't hesitate to allow that her system of press relations may be "greedy and pushy," but still justifiable. Although never so nerve-racking that she has ever resorted to tranquillizers more than once—for seven days in Vancouver in 1970—her professional fortunes have been spotty and some lessons have been hard-won. Keeping musicians on retainers when she couldn't afford it and playing in venues that were not right for her are among the mistakes that taught her to prize tight control. Although she goes out of her way to have it understood that not every musician who has ever worked with her has been strung out on booze or dope, her voice assumes executive tones when she outlines terms for employees. "I don't put up with musicians who are drunk. I don't put up with musicians who are junkies anymore. I don't do that. I used to feel sorry, but I've got to think about me. I'm the one with my face out there and I'm the one who has to carry a show. . . . It's just explained that 'We have a job to do and we're not doing it as well with you around.' It's as simple as that."

Likewise uncomplicated is her determination to keep her children out of the limelight. Though one might hear her on a Toronto talk show discussing the bongo drums that William got for Christmas, Murray keeps her children well away from photographers except for *People* magazine last year, a decision she now regrets. In fact, the only comment she requests to be kept off the record during the interview concerns plans for her son's schooling. Her home is off limits to the press, and in the spirit of keeping professional and domestic lives separate her husband has not been instrumental in her career for some time. At 49, he works as a photographer, taking stills on film locations.

"My reality is my escape. A lot of people who do what I do regard the business as the reality. For me, it's the other way around." The disclaimer sounds stock, but there is nothing about Anne Murray that contradicts it. The showbiz razzmatazz is merely what she does for a living. Offstage, she's cautiously investing in blue-chip stock and vehemently faithful to her ideal of a quiet, private existence. In 1978, when she moved into her 13-room suburban home, she decided to oversee the decorating and furniture. The house features hand-hooked rugs from Chéticamp in Cape Breton plus valuable antique Persian carpets that once belonged to her husband's grandmother. The kitchen, designed by a brother-in-law, was renovated to easily accommodate three cooks: herself, her husband and a live-in nanny. For fun, Murray will go by herself in her new Volvo station wagon to spend the day at the Peter Jackson Classic with golfer Sandra Palmer, a friend she met five years ago doing a Perry Como special.

Favorites from her 800 or so record albums include Dusty Springfield's *Dusty in Memphis*, the Beatles' *Rubber Soul*, The Band's *Music From Big Pink* and the sound track from *High Society*. She says that listening to the radio keeps her in touch but if she listens too much it becomes "homework." While with her recently enhanced job security Murray takes more pleasure from stage appearances, she consistently delineates work from play. As a result, the music she makes sometimes seems void of passion. In choosing songs to record, she relies primarily on what's sent to her by publishing companies and writers. She resumed work this month in a Toronto studio on her next album, the fifth produced by Jim Ed Norman (he did *You Needed Me*) who she says is not so chaotic as her first producer, Brian Ahern, nor as premeditated as her second, Tom Catalano. Of Ahern, former musical director of *Singalong Jubilee* and now husband and producer of Emmylou Harris, she says, "I think Brian and I were a lot more adventurous than I am now. As a matter of fact, I know we were. Some of the things we did really were off-the-wall. It wasn't until I really did the straight-ahead kind of things that people started buying them."

To lots of people, the idea of Anne Murray doing anything off-the-wall sounds unnatural. Her distinctively sad and husky contralto voice has come to be associated with middle-of-the-road romantic ballads. Many regard her repertoire as a waste of a beautiful instrument. But forgoing histrionics and experiment, Murray delivers reliable technique. Objectively considered, the voice is unflawed, smooth and steady, expertly controlled. But, by imposing needless limitations, Murray seems to have grown staid before her time. Not that there aren't some things that she does better than anybody else. While she has sometimes been known to resist a country label, she has a voice that is a matching complement to weepy steel guitars. *Could I Have This Dance* and a cover version of Larry Gatlin's *The Bitter They Are*—performed in concert but so far unrecorded—are both irresistibly poignant, done her way. And, while she's doing it her way, having the prime of her life. ◇

Playing with the capital of Skalbania

By Thomas Hopkins

A Riopelle original and a Rauschenberg print overlook the blazing telephones and door-slamming hustle of Nelson Skalbania's Vancouver office. In the reception area, an elegantly suited young man whispers urgently, "Are you here to do a deal?" In the other corner, inexplicably, hangs a limp Peruvian flag. Periodically the consul, a friend of Skalbania's, darts out of a rabbit warren of cubicles to soothe a visa complaint. The frantic, vibrating offices belong to Canada's newest sports mogul. In the past decade, Skalbania, 42, spawn of Vancouver's drab East Side, has danced a fiscal flamenco on bewildered Western Canadian financial circles, first in real estate and, more recently, in sports franchises. In the past year the man who personally bought hockey superstar Wayne Gretzky as a 17-year-old for $1.75 million has gobbled up the floundering franchises of hockey's Atlanta Flames ($16 million) and soccer's Memphis Rogues ($2 million), transplanting them intact in the prairie sod of Calgary. Along the way he snagged two Western Hockey League junior franchises, as well as 49.9 per cent of the Triple A baseball team, the Vancouver Canadians. Barely pausing for breath, last month he entered a $12.25-million bid for the sad-sack Seattle Mariners, the worst team in baseball, while at the same time talking of bringing an expansion National Basketball Association team to Vancouver.

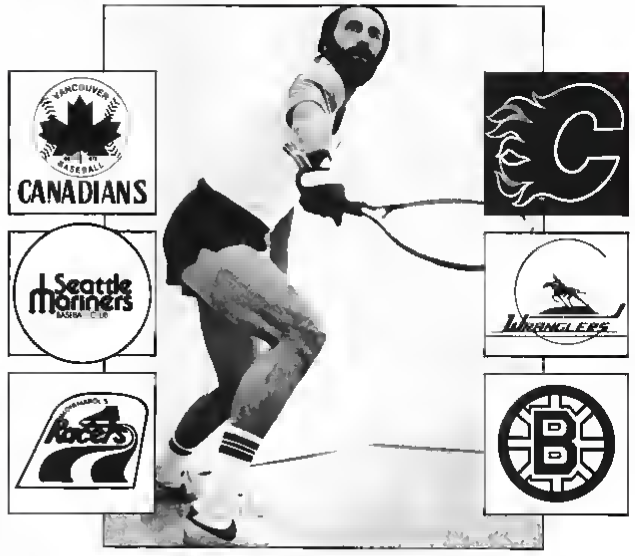
The Skalbania dealing is all done in the dazzling zip-zip style that leaves traditional businessmen, attuned to the droning rhythms of corporate lawyers, face down in the dust. Bearded and as leanly ascetic-looking as the distance runner he is, Skalbania pauses between phone calls sketching financing formulas as intricate and fragile as a DNA helix. "I'm a day-to-day guy, I've got no game plan." The reason for the move from land to locker rooms, he says, is a combination of business and romance. The cost of money had become too onerous and there are considerable tax advantages to sports. On the $16-million Flames deal, for example, there is up to $12 million depreciation allowable. Besides, he says, "I haven't fallen in love with inanimate buildings." He is, however, something of a closet jock, running up to 70 km a week and playing enough racketball to warrant donating $200,000 to the Vancouver YMCA to build two courts, on the condition that one be reserved for him for an hour every day.

As in his real estate, he turned over a reported $600 million worth in 1979—Skalbania sports deals are lightning fast. Like Sammy Glick without the guile, Skalbania will do a deal on a restaurant napkin. He sold his half of the Edmonton Oilers to Peter Pocklington over lunch, for a Krieghoff painting, two Rolls and one of Mrs. Pocklington's rings.

But even as Skalbania has migrated from business to sports pages, he remains as valuable a fixture for Vancouver gossip columnists as Sinatra is for Earl Wilson. The items tumble out: the poor Polish-Canadian kid buys not one but three mansions on Vancouver's exclusive South West Marine Drive; he throws his own 41st birthday party with 180 bottles of champagne; he flips a coin for a $10,000 cheque to charity, his $10,000 winner take all racketball game with local millionaire jock Herb Capozzi. Among other business heresies, Skalbania disobeys the commandment Thou Shalt Not Do Business With Family, installing pretty 21-year-old daughter Rozanda as president of the New Westminster Bruins, and new wife, Eleni, as manager of his Georgia Hotel in Vancouver.

Refreshingly, his frankness has got him in trouble with more tight-lipped business associates and Skalbania has become increasingly media-shy. He bridles at suggestions that he is spreading himself too thin, but acknowledges that he tends to "probably do too many deals."

At week's end, Skalbania's move on the Mariners was on hold after the club's owners asked the American League for a report on the circumstances of Skalbania's 1978 sale of the Indianapolis Racers. Skalbania had dumped the hockey club after losing $2.5 million trying to keep it alive. A $20-million class-action suit on behalf of Racer season-ticket holders was subsequently filed. Despite the unwelcome public scrutiny of the sporting life, Skalbania remains undeterred. "I'd much rather make money running a hockey club," he smiles, "than make it running a shoe store." ◇



VANCOUVER SUN

Skalbania at play: probably too many deals

Sports Column

When it comes to color the blacks have it



By Trent Frayne

Everybody agreed back in 1946 that Branch Rickey had done black ballplayers a terrific favor by bringing Jackie Robinson in from the Negro leagues to play ball beside the white folks. Rickey, the old Brooklyn mahatma, did the blacks a turn, no question about that, but look what he did for the fans of all colors. Black guys have given the game a dimension it never knew in the pre-Robinson era. Oh, there were great and colorful players before Rickey tore up the unwritten law—Ty Cobb's spikes sliced long, lean strips from infielders' hides and Ruth's bat built the most famous ball yard in this galaxy. But blacks have brought a certain high style, a kind of cool, that gives fans new moments for tingling.

You see it when a black guy settles under a fly ball, Dave Parker, say, the Pirate outfielder. It's a big catch, it means a great deal, there are two out and the runners are churning. As anyone who has ever set an example for a child knows, outfielders use two hands, right? Not the black guys, black guys give it the old one-handed nonchalance. Parker stands there, raises the gloved right hand casually and lets the ball drop in, a guy taking a butterfly and not disturbing its dust.

Bang! You see it when Willie Montanez, a first baseman long in the tooth picked up late by the Expos for insurance, takes a pop fly near the mound. The runner at third is moving because there are two out, so it's not a ball to fool around with, and it goes up and up and up before it comes straight down. Willie ambles over, scowling as though somebody has swiped his beer, gets under the ball and with exquisite timing he slaps his mitt past his right ear at the rapidly descending ball, snatches it out of the air, the hand continuing its route and hanging against Willie's right thigh as Willie walks to the dugout.

And you see it when Hawk Dawson drifts into second base with a double to the left-field corner. This is a play that can be close if the outfielder, playing the carom right, wheels and throws a strike to second where the runner is sliding in. But when Dawson does it for the Expos he is never sliding in, he is gliding in. Actually slowing down, easing into the bag, standing up, smooth.

You see it, too, when a black guy has hit a home run. The players who have scored ahead of him wait at the plate and when he comes in they don't shake his hand like a bunch of Rotarians at lunch on Tuesday. What they used to do, they used to slap palms ("Gimme five, man"), but what they do now is reach high and bang hands up there ("The high five, man"). When they reach the



AISLIN

dugout everybody has come pouring up the steps and there are high fives with both hands in a laughing melee, black guys and white guys, grinning away. White guys throw in occasional refinements, such as Gary Carter, the Li'l Abner in the Expo tools of ignorance, who lays on a high five and a low five, the right hand above the head and, quickly, down by the thigh.

Why do black guys catch fly balls one handed? Why don't they *shake* hands? Nobody will say. Oh, they'll say something but they won't really say, anymore than Parker will say why he wears a diamond in the lobe of his left ear. "I can reach farther with one hand" (Dawson), "Feels more comfortable" (Parker), "See it better" (Montanez).

But the question is rhetorical. There's no *reason* black guys brought in the one-handed catch, Willie Mays the basket catch. There's no *reason* they dreamed up the high five. It's all part of this style, this cool, this way they are. Mike Schmidt will talk about this. Mike Schmidt, the home-run king of the big leagues, the Phillies slugger, is a white guy whose closest friends in the ball club over the years have been black guys—Dave Cash, Richie Allen, Garry Maddox, his roomie on the road with the current club. The magazine *Inside Sports*, making its bow a year ago, carried a piece on Schmidt saying some Phillies think Schmidt tries to be cool because black players are cool, that "maybe he'd rather be black." Schmidt, a contained, slow-striding, remote fellow, says this is a bunch of baloney.

"It's ridiculous, I can't even dance," he said with nice disdain. "If people say I try to be black, I can't take that as a compliment, but if they mean that I'm trusting like black people, that I'm honest like black people I've known, that's fine." Not every ballplayer is enchanted by what the black guys have added to the grand old game, Bill Lee for one. You could call Bill a left-hander's left-hander, a zany guy who has worn a gas mask to the mound and a beanie with a propeller on it. Bill is a white guy, a purist who hates artificial turf, the designated-hitter rule and hotdog ballplayers. "One-handed catches are TV sensationalism," Bill says. "They shouldn't be allowed, like a lot of other things that are screwing up baseball. Eventually the unused arm will fall off. It's being bred off, like little toes. Save the little toe! Walk barefoot! Save the other arm, catch two-handed."

Still, all of it's color for the folks at home, speaking of whom by the way, the black guys have done an enormous favor. When television louts with handheld cameras crept up on players sitting on the bench for silent close-ups, players looked embarrassed and spied upon. It was the black guys who sped to the rescue. They leered at the nosey lens, or beamed "Hi Mom," they hammed. Just what TV deserved.

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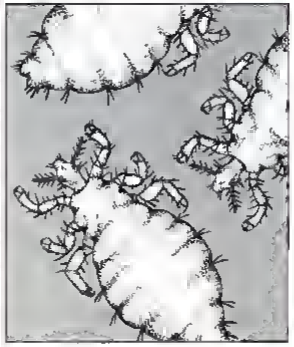
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Health

The itch that knows no social bounds



Mothers of nine-year-old boys get used to finding all kinds of grimy particles floating about in their sons' bath water after a vigorous day's play But when a middle-class Willowdale homemaker noticed several grey six-legged insects in her boy's bath one day last month, she went straight to the family doctor—and learned, to her horror, that the well-groomed son was playing host to head lice "I was totally uneducated about them," she says "I didn't think it should happen in this day and age" Two days later, the boy returned to class at Appian Public School completely lice-free But when he innocently mentioned he'd had lice, his classmates ran from him, disgusted, and his teacher forbade him to return to the classroom until the nurse had checked his hair "I was very upset about the way it was handled," says his mother

The word "lice" still evokes Depression-era images of undernourished children suffering from poor hygiene and inadequate parental eare Ashamed, many parents continue, as their parants before them, to hush up any cases in the family But more and more middle-class parents these days are being faced head-on with the fact that lice know no socioeconomic boundaries: they live in the hair of rich and poor, dirty and clean And they are on the increase. Although statistics are sketchy, public schools in every borough in Metropolitan Toronto report that cases of head



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BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Findlay inspecting for lice 'Parents just don't realize they're still around'

lice infestation, called pediculosis, are definitely on the rise. Ruth Aiken, director of nursing for the Borough of York, says that in elementary schools in her borough alone cases doubled to 410 from 1978 to 1979 and so far this year more than 300 cases have been reported. Across North America enough Kwellada, the most popular shampoo treatment, has been sold this year to treat six million cases—up 20 per cent since 1978.

It may seem paradoxical that lice should be flourishing in a country where tuberculosis has been all but eliminated, but since these parasites do little more than itch and procreate the problem has received little scientific attention. However, curing pediculosis is no longer simply a matter of applying a delousing shampoo, washing the host's belongings and vacuuming living quarters. Some strains have become resistant to lindane, the active ingredient in three of the four shampoo treatments (including Kwellada) available in Canada. While lindane-resistant lice can probably be exterminated by a different treatment, it takes time to realize their resistance—time that allows the lice to spread. As well, recent calls to ban lindane (which is also used in pesticides and has been linked to cancer in animals) have made parents hesitant about using the delousing shampoos at all.

Head lice are found most often on children because they tend to be herded together and share combs and articles of clothing more than adults. Contrary to popular belief, a healthy and well-cared-for child is a much more popular host than a sickly one. Lice, intent on survival, abandon bodies whose temperatures rise or fall significantly. The hardy creatures live for 48 hours and their pearly-white oval eggs can survive for 10 to 12 days on animals, furnishings, clothes and blankets. While there is no sure way to avoid picking them up, odds are reduced by washing frequently, hanging coats in public cloakrooms so that they don't touch others and not sharing clothes, towels and brushes. "We usually have a higher incidence after the summer," says North York clinic co-ordinator Ella Findlay, "when kids have been in contact with lots of people on holidays or at camp."

The innumerable ways this condition can spread have made man and louse inseparable companions for thousands of years. Today, though, the emphasis is clearly on a safe divorce. While the lindane-based shampoos contain only a one-per-cent concentration of lindane, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently announced that large doses of the chemical have produced cancer in animals. Last month it proposed a ban. But Michael Davis, chief of the infection and immunology division of the federal ministry of health and welfare, says that, used properly, lindane-based shampoos pose no danger. "People use them only once in a lifetime. You have to weigh the alternatives."

In Canada, there is only one alternative, a pyrethrin-based shampoo with some kerosene, which can cause lung irritation. And there is always the old method of manual removal with the aid of sassafras oil and a fine-tooth comb. As is often the case, the best method is prevention. "Parents just don't realize they're still around," says North York's Findlay. "A child will scratch his head for a couple of months before some parents investigate."

Sarah Lawley



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PAUL LITTLE

Hordyk (left) and Wallace: the right to appear uninteresting whenever you please

It seemed like a dull idea at the (yawn) time

When Douglas Wallace quit smoking several years ago, he found that a drink in his hand sparked a desire for a cigarette. As a result, he gave up alcohol and three-martini lunches. Soon the Laura Secord executive was dieting and getting up regularly at 4:30 a.m. for workouts at the YMCA. His friends told him he was becoming dull; they were right.

For 33-year-old Alan Hordyk, the transition was simply a growing-up process. All-night parties and trying to be on the go "25 hours a day" disappeared with his youth. He realized he was just as happy reading a book or taking a walk. Friends of the hotel sales manager started to mutter that he was boring. "I wasn't boring," he protests. He was dull.

Finding safety in even numbers, the two Vancouver businessmen are the first Canadian subscribers to a reactionary new idea that's begun to roll over the gaudy carnival colors of with-it society like a coat of institutional green paint: The Dull Men's Club. Founded earlier this year in San Francisco by writer Joe Troise to combat "the tragedy of over-awareness," the club currently boasts more than 400 members, mainly independent businessmen like Troise—who specializes in such torrid subjects as how to fix your own car—or middle-management types like Wallace and Hordyk who are sick of the posing and politicking they see around them. For a $5 fee, Dull Men's Club members receive a card authorizing the bearer "to appear uninteresting whenever he pleases," a bumper sticker that proclaims "WE'RE OUT OF IT AND PROUD OF IT" and a two-page tirade denouncing "the compulsion to be in touch with everything, on top of everything, able to discuss everything, do everything and enjoy everything."

"Everything" includes hot tubs, body-surfing, "meaningful relationships," est and cowboy boots. Dull people doggedly avoid such trends in favor of placid pastimes like cold beer, bowling, washing their mid-size car and—Wallace's favorite—stamp collecting. He feels there is a yawning mass of secretly dull people out there just dying to stay home and be uninteresting if they had the courage. "How many people do you know," Wallace asks, "who come home exhausted Friday afternoon and say, 'I *have* to go out tonight'? They think it's an obligation."

Dull Men have little need for socializing when they can attain a state of certifiable dullness by sitting by themselves. While members of the San Francisco chapter regularly step out by meeting "in a dull corner of a dull bar," Vancouver hasn't even established a dull clubhouse yet. Occasionally, Wallace and Hordyk reach a fever pitch in their activities and share a dull telephone conversation. But they are just the blunt spearheads of the movement in Canada, and foresee a tarnished future for West Coast dullards as the idea of "just doing what you want to do" catches on. "So what if you run into a smart-ass parachuting brain surgeon?" club president Troise asks defiantly. "Who needs 'em? Does a tree try to be interesting? Of course not. Dullness is a natural condition. Dullness is Truth."

John Masters

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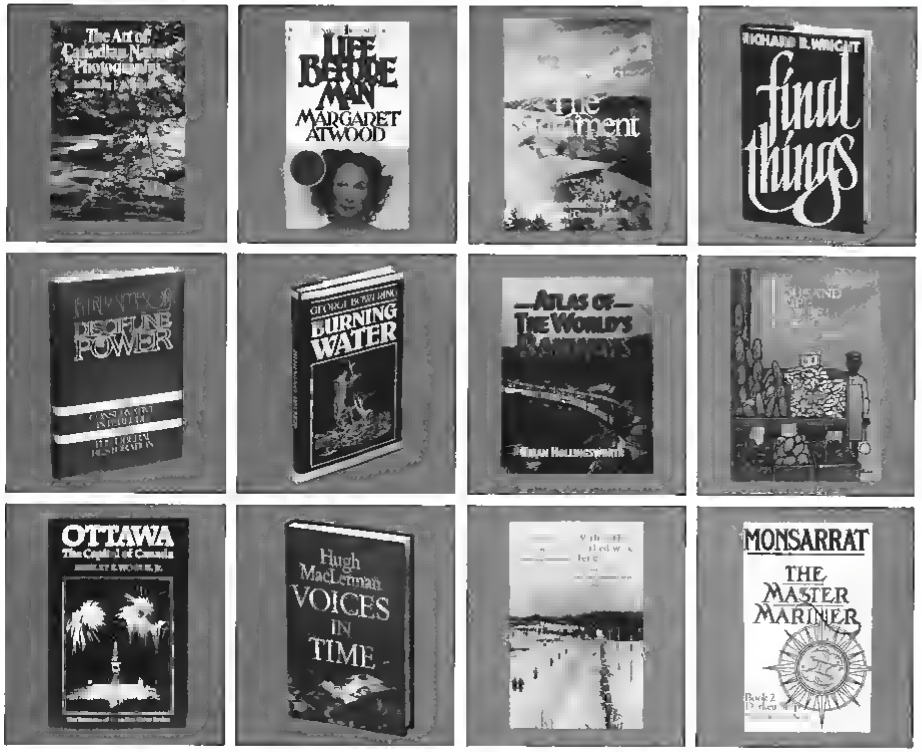
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Films

Chess-like moves of an old master

KAGEMUSHA
Directed by Akira Kurosawa

Kagemusha, or *The Shadow Warrior*, is an old man's story, a reflective tale told with great care and even greater leisure. The old man is 70-year-old Akira Kurosawa, whose masterly output includes *Rashomon*, *Ikiru* and *The Seven Samurai*, one of which nearly always appears on somebody's all-time ten-best list. His use of film techniques such as slow motion



Nakadai uneasy head with surrogate crown

and the zoom shot have left other directors, notably Sam Peckinpah, indebted to him, most of all, his superb craftsmanship is and always has been soldered to his heart in his search for new ways to take experience and filter it through a lens In *Kagemusha*, Kurosawa's blood runs slow, to watch it requires patience, but the vigil won't go unrewarded Masters of any art form don't really dry up, but like the rest of us they do grow tired

In a subtle, Japanese way *Kagemusha* is Kurosawa's *King Lear*, Set in 16th-century feudal Japan when it was torn apart by civil wars, it centres upon the efforts of a powerful clan leader, Takeda (Tatsuya Nakadai), to wrest power from the other clans Takeda sometimes uses a "kagemusha," or double, to outfox his enemies in battle, his latest, a petty thief whom he had saved from the noose, appeals to Takeda's sense of irony But when Takeda is fatally shot, having been promised that his death would remain secret for three years, the double (Nakadai, again) must assume a weight of



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power he was never meant for.

Even more uneasily lies the head that wears a surrogate crown. The double, who as a common thief never had a real identity in the Japanese social strata, finds himself, comically and painfully, living a lie that grows larger and larger. And when he is revealed as an impostor, he's left alone on a heath—except it's a bloody battleground where horses and men are writhing in slow-motion agony. There's a lot of Dostoyevski in *Kagemusha*, a lot of looking into that overgrown pond called the self, vainly, poignantly awaiting a clear reflection. Physically, Nakadai is perfectly equipped for the part: his sad, drooping eyes try to veil the double's confusions. Though the film never lowers itself to anything as blatant as moralism, Kurosawa seems to be saying that masquerades never work, and that any rise to greatness, even from the lower depths, is inevitably followed by a fall. As well as the Lears of the world there are also the kagemushas.

Ablaze with color and resounding with a stirring musical score by Schinichiro Ikebe, *Kagemusha* is as well-made and shining an object as one could wish to see. But the spectacular battle scenes of *The Seven Samurai* have quieted down to the chess-like moves of those in *Kagemusha*. It is, if an old man is telling a story, an old man's prerogative to tell it that way—and just fine if seen by the respectful eye.

Lawrence O'Toole

Brief Encounters

Ordinary People A beautifully made chamber piece about, of all things, an upright American family collapsing. The son has tried to commit suicide and seeks the solace of a forthright Jewish psychiatrist. The father, who is weak-mannered but strong, tries to cope; the mother, who flashes microwave smiles to mask the terror she experiences over being unable to feel, refuses to cope. Timothy Hutton and Judd Hirsch are fine as the son and his doctor; as the father, Donald Sutherland does the best work of his career, and as the mother, Mary Tyler Moore, for those who could never imagine beyond WJM TV's Mary Richards, is a revelation. The director is, of all people, Robert Redford.

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith A half-caste aborigine declares war on the people who have treated him unjustly. Occasionally bloodcurdling Australian director Fred Schepisi's imagery is spacious and luscious, the emotional breadth less expansive. Not the great film it has been touted to be, nevertheless a very good one. **L.O'T.**

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For the record



THE TRUMPET SUMMIT
Dizzy Gillespie Freddie Hubbard Clark Terry Ray Brown Joe Pass Bobby Durham Oscar Peterson
Pablo/RCA

Producer Norman Granz set up this raunchy all-night jam session with trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry and Freddie Hubbard primarily to bring the young Hubbard back into the fold. Not long ago, Hubbard was considered successor to the jazz trumpeters' line going back to Louis Armstrong, but he lapsed into an execrable fast-money funk. Whatever Granz intended, this is a hard-bop comeuppance. In serene displays of prowess, the greying Gillespie short-knifes Hubbard to shreds while Oscar Peterson, guitarist Joe Pass and Terry look on like the polite hosts they are. A minor, impromptu album, but a marvelous ritual presided over by a father with infinite cool.

Bart Testa

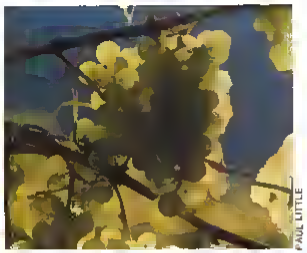
COGNAC AND BOLOGNA
Doug and the Slugs
(Rildong/RCA)

There are some nervous moments during the first few cuts when it seems that this Vancouver band is going to give itself entirely to smart-alecky buffoonery, but by the end of the second side it's clear it has managed a triumph first time out. Five Slugs provide the instrumental ingredients of a rock ragout, diversely seasoned with reggae bass, country guitars, bluesy keyboards. But the rich, peculiar flavor mainly derives from Doug Bennett's skills as singer and songwriter. Conveying reactions, both amused and sore ("*Who would have thought that by staying in one place/I'd become a refugee?*"), his voice is a raspy reed that sometimes suggests a cross between Van Morrison and Graham Parker. While the group's name might seem a disposable, one-time joke, its music provides repeatable pleasure.

David Livingstone



Homegrown wine ducks its baby image



PAUL LITTLE

By Thomas Hopkins

In the bright B.C. winter, Bob and Lee Claremont can look out their side window, down past the snow-covered vineyards, and sometimes see a dozen deer pawing languidly at the pile of stems and pulp from last year's grape harvest. Down through the Ponderosa pines is Lake Okanagan in a tableau that summons images of the wine regions of Germany's Rhinegau. The Claremonts, their three daughters, two cats and two dogs own and run Claremont Wines in B.C.'s Okanagan Valley. Together they grow, bottle and sell 15,000 cases of their wine from a flower-decked store next to their winery.

For many, the Claremonts and their tiny cottage industry represent the leafy romanticism of wine-making as it ought to be. In reality, modern Canadian wineries are as romantic as the oil refineries they resemble, with rows of storage tanks dully glinting in the sun. Until recently, the liquid that gushed from hoses in Canada's nine major wineries—five in Ontario, four in B.C.—tasted more like thinly flavored alcohol than the noble wines of Bordeau or California's Napa Valley. Happily, though, the multimillion-dollar Canadian wine industry has followed the ripening tastes and increasing demands of Canadian imbibers. While consistent quality has not yet arrived, there is a surfeit of good intentions rooted in economic realities. Optimists now look to the promise of '85 readily available, delightfully drinkable Canadian wine.

Among Canadian wine-drinkers, many of whom were initiated in the early '70s, the homegrown grape is often associated with drilling headaches from over-sugaring and adolescent jokes about "Chateau Welland Canal." But then the companies have usually only supplied what the consumer wanted. Historically, Canadian wine has been centred in Ontario and received its first major boost during prohibition, when dozens of marginal wine operators cranked out low-effort, high-alcohol hootch for smuggling and local use. Even as recently as the late 1960s, Canadian preference tended toward "Come-Alive-for-a-Dollar-Five" sweet, fortified port and dessert wines. Market research, the joke went, was conducted in the nation's skid roads. Grape growers, not much concerned whether apples or grapes graced their acreage, lugged tons of prolific *lambrusca*—the deep purple grape most commonly used in Canada and known as much for its



PAUL LITTLE

Claramont (above), Graam erasing the stigma of 'Come-Alive-for-a-Dollar-Five'



ERIC HAYES



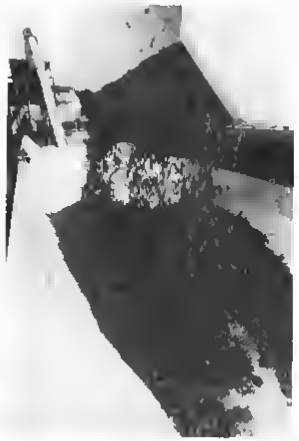




PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL LITTLE

Grape harvestar (above), sorter (below); modarn storaga vats. tha promise of '85—readily available, delightfully drinkable Canadian wina

dominating "foxy" flavor as for its resistance to even the fiercest northern winters—to the wineries, where they were paid by the ton, regardless of the grape's quality. By the 1970s, bar graphs had begun to tell a different tale. Sales of cheap, imported table wine blends such as Black Tower, Castelli Romani and Kressman skyrocketed, while traditional Canadian wine sales remained flat. The wineries responded early in the decade with the successful introduction of fizzy, "pop" wines with names such as Lonesome Charlie, Arctic Bear and Baby Duck. Concurrently, they introduced new copycat table wine blends that used hybrid grapes (the result of experiments in grafting the scruffy *lambrusca* with the delicate European variety, *vinifera*), to ape popular imports like the Black Tower type fruity whites. Termed "Berlitz" wines by *Financial Post* Western editor and wine expert John Schreiner, they



sported meaningless names such as Schloss Laderheim, Princère and Cavallo Rosso and were emblazoned with European-looking labels. In battling what the industry has come to view as the stigma of Canadianese, a judicious shopper must now peer closely to find the Canadian affiliation. But the hybrids are successful. Chateau Gai's blended white Alpenweiss is second only to the cheap Italian Colli Albani in Canadian table wine sales.

Pointing to its increasing market share—sales of Ontario wines alone last year increased by 24 per cent—the industry unrepentedly absorbs abuse from those it dismisses as wine snobs. "The public wanted an imported image but didn't want to pay for it," says Bruce Schmidt, marketing manager for B.C.'s Calona Wines, whose Schloss Lederman was one of the pioneer Berlitz wines. "We're not tricking anybody, we're giving them exactly what they want." The responses from the major wineries to charges that they should be doing even better are polished by years

of patient repetition. First is the undeniable disadvantage, unshared by European, Californian and Australian competitors, of harsh weather. This, combined with long development time (up to five years before a vine is fully productive), the need for increased care and lower yields, makes growers—often aggressively supported by agricultura ministries—ready to duck vine upgrading, grape quality controls and *vinifera* experiments. Growers, for their part, argue that wineries want the improved grapes but want growers to take the risks. Other complications include the up to $11,000-an-acre cost of new grape acreage in the Okanagan and what the wine industry sees as unduly restrictive virus embargoes on imported vine types. "I think the problem with Canadian wines is not one of quality," says Toronto wine columnist Bob Pennington. "It's one of politics and acreage."

Perhaps the worst problem, according to the wine (sometimes called "whine") industry, is its bad image, and now up to 50 per cent of wineries' time is spent apple-polishing on missionary work such as blind-tastings with European wines, plant tours and cheerleading for the two B.C. and five Ontario cottage wineries. "We're delighted with the cottage wineries," says Harry McWatters, marketing services manager for Penticton, B.C.'s Casabello Wines Ltd., which carries a pleasant premium line of varietals. "They're not competition; they're an enhancement to the image of the industry."





BRIAN WILLER, MACLEAN'S

Wine-maker Karl Kaiser (left), Ziraldo a principia that good grapes maka good wina

In fact, most people look to cottage wineries to show the way to premium wines by '85. The first one in Canada was Don Ziraldo's Inniskillin, opened at Niagara-on-the-Lake in 1975 and dedicated to the simple principle that good grapes make good wine. Ziraldo's planting of the European *vinifera* have had surprisingly encouraging results. his best-selling wine, the $5 Brae Blanc, sold 20,000 cases last year. While the *vinifera* vines are five years away from judgments on which will be commercially exploitable, fully nine per cent of the Okanagan's 32,000 acres now grow them, with the rest in hybrid (72 per cent) and *lambrusca* (15 per cent). Despite serious distribution problems ("Lots of restaurants I take my wine into think I'm a bootlegger," laughs Tony Poturica of B.C.'s Vinitera cottage winery), and production uncertainties (Ontario's Podamer Wineries is still recovering from the embarrassing nonappearance of a line of three varietals last year), the B.C. liquor control and licensing branch expects eight Okanagan cottage wineries by the end of 1982.

The cottage wineries' success has begun to prod the competitive, image-conscious large wineries. Andrés, Canada's largest (1979 sales of $37.3 million), is the company that introduced (some critics say inflicted) the sweet, frothy Baby Duck in 1971 and promptly made it the country's best-selling wine. Along with most major wineries, it has reluctantly begun to dip its toe into the mercurial and expensive varietal area by launching a small, limited-production run of prestige wines, usually only available at company outlets. "It seems as a matter of policy," says Andrés' urbane English president, Peter Green, "that unless one gears up to try to make fine-quality varietal wines, one is not going to make wine of any sort." It's the sort of new industry talk that sounds good to former Liquor Control Board of Ontario wine consultant Candace Wilson, who says: "I have my fingers crossed for Peter Green. If Andrés moves in this direction seriously, it can have a tremendous impact on the Canadian industry."

But even if, like Eliza Doolittle, the raggedy Canadian industry is proud of its progress, not so Canada's oenophile Henry Higginses. They remain impatient, charging that the industry, owned by the likes of Standard Brands (Calona), Labatt's (Chateau Gai and Casabello) and Carling-O'Keefe (Jordan), is run by marketing men, not vintners with soil under their nails. "The bad guys are the accountants," says Tom Robinson, Vancouver member of the B.C. Guild of Wine Judges.

Hardly as particular as the experts is the abused wine-drinker, who is overlooking past tussles with the home-grown vine and already reacting favorably to the new blends. "People here are prepared to pay $6 or more for a good bottle of Ontario wine," says Andres' Green. Explains Ray Bettridge, beverage industry analyst with Toronto's McLeod, Young, Weir: "With the Canadian dollar and the import prices continuing to escalate, the average Joe, if not the connoisseur, will be increasingly tempted to try the Canadian option." A disastrously wet 1980 European summer promises to drive import prices even higher. Thanks to admirable pioneers such as former wine-maker Bob Claremont, who left Calona to start B.C.'s Claremont Estates, and Paul Bose, who left Chateau-Gai to start Ontario's Château des Charmes cottage winery, even some of the long-absent mythology developed over centuries of European wine-making has been injected into the Canadian assembly line. "We're making a tradition," agrees Lee Claremont, sitting on a warm sunlit porch above rows of laden, deep-green vines. "The only thing that could possibly be better is if we were 200 years old."

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HAROLD ROSENBERG



Déjean at the community centre (left), Dawson new start for a troubled minority

By Anne Beirne

Its horn clearing a path, the taxi careened wildly down Montreal's ethnically diverse Park Avenue. The ride was no worse than most until the white driver took his eyes from the road to rummage under his seat. Muttering about "les noirs" moving in on his business, he emerged triumphant with an enormous wrench. Shiny, brand new, it was destined, he crowed, "to beat in Haitian heads."

The driver is one cruel example of the tension that surrounds Montreal's most visible—and troubled—alien minority. A city that 15 years ago had an insignificant black population is now having difficulty coming to terms with the influx of French speaking Haitians who have fled the terrible poverty of their Caribbean home and settled illegally in Quebec. And the recent decision to allow the illegal refugees to apply from within the country for legal immigrant status—the only group since 1972 to be accorded such special treatment—has antagonized other ethnic groups which still see their own kind deported.

An estimated 2,000 to 5,000 Haitians have been living in Montreal illegally for as long as six years, augmenting the 24,000 Haitians now legally settled in the city. After slipping through customs as tourists, the illegal immigrants stayed underground in Montreal and eked out livings as taxi drivers, domestics and garment workers. But since Oct. 1, hundreds of those endangered and resented Haitians have parked their cabs, taken their children by the hand and walked into Montreal's Haitian Christian Community Centre. There they can qualify for legal immigrant status until December, though federal officials lamely protest that the program is not an amnesty.

A catalyst in the establishment of the program was 26-year-old Pierre Fils Innocent. Having thrived illegally in Canada for two years, he found himself on the edge of deportation last June. He hanged himself, leaving as a suicide note the plea that more mercy be shown to others like him. The incident came on the heels of a mass of newspaper reports on the number of Haitians being intercepted at Mirabel Airport, would-be tourists who were unceremoniously sent back to Port-au-Prince before they even had a chance to taste a Big Mac. Immigration officials at Mirabel complained vociferously and the federal government decided it was time to require that Haitian tourists obtain Canadian visas before leaving Haiti. "It wasn't fair to let these people spend all that money and turn them back at the border," says Dennis Dawson, the federal MP given responsibility for the matter.

Haitians leaving immigration centre: an amnesty antagonizing other immigrants



HAROLD ROSENBERG

But Haitians saw the matter in the larger context of the horrors they faced at home. "The visas would have made the bureaucrats' jobs easier, but they ignore the fact those people are suffering and dying under a repressive regime," says Paul Déjean, director of the Montreal Haitian Christian Community Centre. Indeed, in the past few years, tens of thousands of Haitians have fled their homeland, the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. Their lot is now worse than ever under the dictatorship of Jean-Claude Duvalier, who has added economic hardship to the reign of political terror established by his father, Papa Doc Duvalier.

The harsh existence has forced many to become the Boat People of the Caribbean, putting out in rafts for Miami, dying en route of starvation, exposure and dehydration. Upon washing up in the States, they get a welcome entirely



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the reverse of that awaiting the Cubans fleeing Castro's communism. They are put into camps until they can be returned to their native land. In September, Canada agreed to take 300 of the thousands of wretched people from the Miami camps if they had relatives already in Canada.

The life awaiting them in Montreal has so far hardly been a paradise. As the first wave of Haitians infiltrated the city, they clustered in the northern parts of Montreal. Over the past two years, clashes have broken out with Montreal police. The Quebec Human Rights Commission is suing the Montreal force on behalf of two assault victims. The attitude of some Montrealers, used to a white city, is capsulized by one young Westmount woman who complains that the new chaps are "rude and don't know their way around."

Which has made it a long haul for some of the Haitians. The first actually to get his *Certificat de sélection* at the beginning of the month had lived undercover for six years, using a series of false names and falsified papers. Still protecting his anonymity, he described his life of fly-by-night tailoring: garnering a few dollars here and there doing alterations, sometimes getting a few days' work in a garment factory, always with an eye out for an Immigration raid. Fearful of illness because he had no medicare, he knew that if he was sick he qualified for no social benefits to tide him over. "Sure I'm glad I have this," he laughed, waving his triplicate form. "Now I can get a job and make a life for myself."

For the hundreds of blacks dressed in their Sunday best at the community centre in Montreal, the chance for a new life is practically a rubber stamp. Technically, MP Dawson is correct when he says the Haitian case is not a blanket acceptance of all applicants. But the Haitians learned that if they arrived in Quebec before June 24 of this year and stayed on illegally, they qualify for the Quebec certificate of acceptance. They will then be eligible, pending security and health checks, for legal immigrant status granted by the federal government. Barring any flagrant crimes or costly illness, they're home free in Quebec and Canada.

The situation smacks of injustice to other illegal immigrants and is already creating resentment among other ethnic groups. "What about the eight thousand Chileans, the thousand Iranians and now the Afghans who come here and don't want to leave?" demanded an astounded Anver Garda, chairman of the Ontario Council of Agencies Serving Immigrants. "We're going to create a stink about this. If it's amnesty for some, then it has to be amnesty for all."

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Medicine

A quick cut straight to the heart

A decade ago, vasectomies were embraced as one of the quickest, simplest and safest answers to birth control in North America. In 1970, nearly one million American men, and some 100,000 Canadians, underwent the snip of the surgical scissors that could, in a single office visit, forever end their family planning problems. Over the decade, vasectomies became less trendy, but an estimated 50,000 Canadians have been vasectomized in the past year alone. Now, millions of vasectomized men face the prospect that vasectomies aren't as safe as they presumed



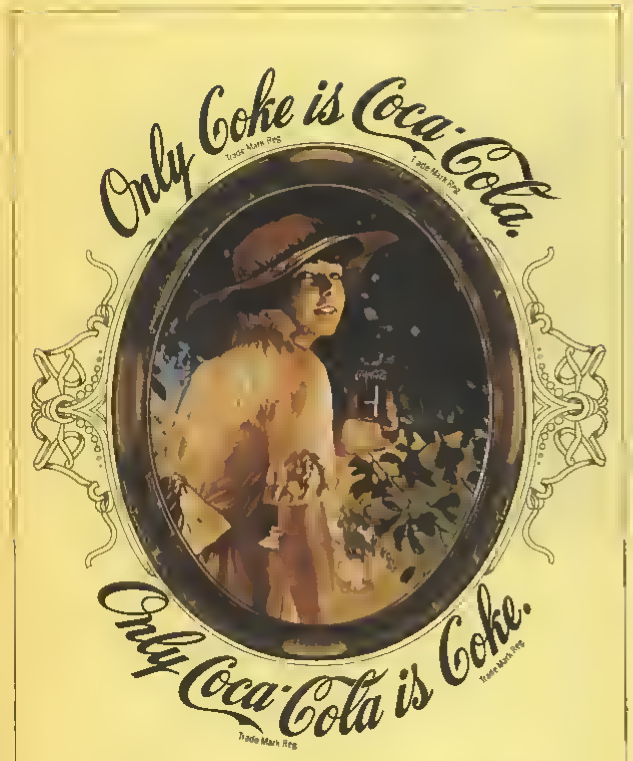
IRWIN GAUHLOFF

Metcalfe: 'Even doctors are scared green after reading this histrionic nonsense'

American researchers have found that vasectomized monkeys stand a significantly greater risk of developing atherosclerosis (hardening of veins and arteries), a major factor in heart disease and strokes. It will take at least two years to complete studies on the risk for humans. In the meantime, doctors are divided on how much weight to accord the animal studies. While some specialists say men shouldn't worry until there is evidence that vasectomized men develop symptoms similar to the monkeys', others are just as insistent that anyone prone to heart disease should not have the operation.

In a vasectomy, the two 45-cm tubes known as the *vasa deferentia*, which carry sperm from the testes, are cut and tied to produce sterility. Vasectomized men are still able to ejaculate in a normal manner but the sperm cells are trapped in the testes and not allowed into the semen. Researchers working with vasectomized monkeys believe that the trapped sperm degenerate and some of the resultant remnants leak into the blood. This activates the body's immune system, which produces antibodies to ward off the invaders. The antibodies and sperm remnants then settle on the walls of arteries, sometimes causing a plaque buildup and clogging the flow of blood.

Thomas Wegmann, a professor of immunology at the University of Alberta, has called for an immediate end to vasectomy operations, touching off the current controversy. With the animal evidence amassed to date, he says, vasectomies wouldn't be permitted if they were introduced now. He says more emphasis should be placed on finding new ways to reverse the operation. These remarks followed his recent article in a new Dutch journal, *Immunology Today*. "Even doctors with vasectomies are scared green after reading this histrionic nonsense," says Dr. James O. Metcalfe, a urologist at the University of Alberta Hospital in Edmonton. He and other Edmonton urologists who perform the operation have



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been called upon to reassure vasectomized patients who have become frightened by Wegmann's warnings. In 35 years of performing vasectomies, he says he has seen no ill effects. Eminent Australian immunologist Dr. Gustav Nossal agrees. "Those who have had a vasectomy should just forget it," he said in Edmonton last month, but added: "If I were a male contemplating a vasectomy, until this issue is resolved I would not have one." The Alberta College of Physicians and Surgeons is more optimistic. Says registrar Dr. Roy LeRiche. "There is absolutely no evidence that anything has happened, or will happen, to men."

The American researchers studying monkeys are quite willing to concede the point. When Nancy Alexander of the University of Oregon's Health Science Center and Dr. Thomas Clarkson of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine in North Carolina began work on monkeys in 1970, the research focused on the body's formation of antibodies—a form of self-vaccination—against remnants of its own sperm absorbed into the blood after a vasectomy. In their first study, Alexander and Clarkson worked with 10 monkeys, half vasectomized and all fed a high cholesterol diet. Ten months after the five monkeys had their vasectomies, they had twice as much atherosclerosis as the control group. A second study, published this year in the U.S. *Journal of Clinical Investigation*, produced similar results with vasectomized monkeys fed a no-cholesterol diet.

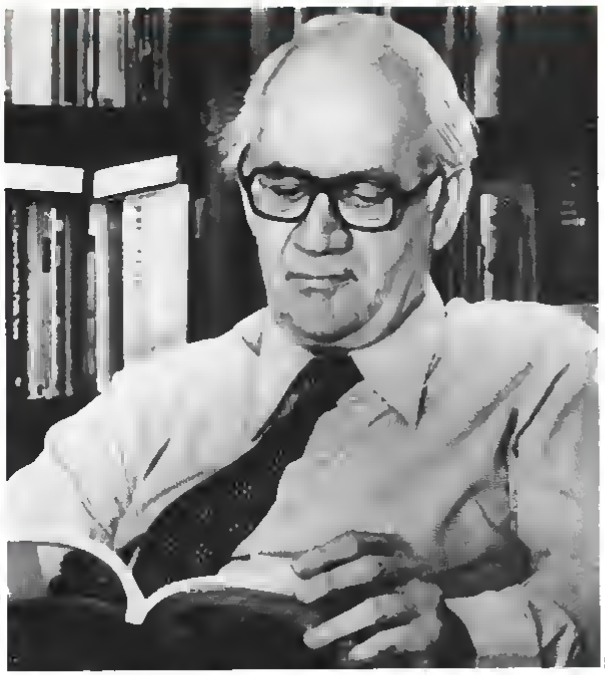
While 50 per cent of vasectomized men are producing antibodies similar to the ones monkeys produce, it is unclear whether men are experiencing the same plaque buildup. "It's hard to determine the cause of heart disease and strokes," Alexander says, "but on a one-to-one basis I'd have to tell an individual with high cholesterol levels and a family history of heart disease that he should wait for more conclusive research before having a vasectomy."

As far as contraception is concerned, these new studies put men in somewhat the same position as women. "It's all a question of relative risk," says Dr. Patrick Taylor, a gynecologist and director of the University of Calgary's infertility clinic. "Neither the birth control pill nor a vasectomy is as dangerous as driving to Banff." Just as the birth control pill may not be advisable for certain high-risk women, he suggests that vasectomies may turn out to be inadvisable for certain high-risk men—if indeed the human studies indicate any risk. Until the evidence is conclusive, men will likely continue to have vasectomies. Meanwhile, says Taylor, "We're hardly in danger of going out of business."

Suzanne Zwarun



How many books can a Woodcock pen?



Woodcock: charting the Canadiana waters

THE WORLD OF CANADIAN WRITING
CRITIQUES & RECOLLECTIONS
by George Woodcock
(Douglas & McIntyre $16.95)

A GEORGE WOODCOCK READER
Edited by Doug Fetherling
(Deneau & Greenberg hardcover $15.95
paperback $10.95)

When a couple of editors got together recently in Toronto to concoct a spoof of upcoming Canadiana studies, the first project was unanimous: *Gabrielle Lafleur: A woman who seriously thought of joining the Riel Rebellion but was too oppressed at home to go*, by George (or Ingeborg) Woodcock.

It was an easy target. Critic, historian, biographer and poet, Woodcock is least impressive when he is doing what he is best known for—charting the murky waters of Canadiana. In spite of Woodcock's best efforts, the lives of 19th-century B.C. Premier Amor de Cosmos or "forgotten hero" Gabriel Dumont will remain little more than historical oddities. In the area of Canadian literature itself, Woodcock's tastes are, well, idiosyncratic. His disclaimer in the preface to his collection of essays *The World of Canadian Writing*—"the limits of my choice are perhaps also the limits of my sensibility"—doesn't really help matters when his sensibilities fall short of authors like Robertson Davies or Alden Nowlan, but are sufficiently engaged to celebrate Margaret Laurence as a contemporary Tolstoy or David Watmough as Proust. His approach to Canadian literature, insofar as one can generalize, seems to be a curious mixture of B.C. regionalism and a bloodless progressivism. He pays special attention to relatively insignificant fellow West Coast writers such as Watmough and Pat Lowther and seems to admire writers with interesting techniques, like Hugh Hood, even as the far more powerful Richard Wright is passed over.

Woodcock's philosophical confusions and the esthetic confusions that flow from them (accurately described by anthologist Doug Fetherling as a "libertarian socialist," Woodcock is the only thinker in Canada, possibly the world, who manages to combine the errors of both systems) would be enough to fill a book. At the same time, he has a genuine concern with ideas. He is not snared by fashionable moral relativism: mistaken or not, he puts his studies in a moral framework. Although he has been enticed by practically all the blind alleys this century had to offer in politics and the arts—from pacificism to the aural process—he managed to turn around and walk away from most of them almost unscathed. Some, such as vulgar parochialism, never even tempted him.

The author-editor-compiler of more than 50 books and pamphlets—more works written than many people ever read in their lifetime, as one biographer put it—Woodcock clearly is the kind of versatile writer whose interest for the general reader depends, in the long run, on the anthologist's skill. This is the penalty for being prolific: picking up one book by Woodcock may put the reader off the other 49 forever.

In this case, the anthologist serves his subject well. Fetherling's *Woodcock Reader* is a careful and intelligent selection of Woodcock at his best, most interesting, and even most interestingly idiosyncratic. From his recollections of George Orwell through his thoughts on Burma, Afghanistan and the clock to his comments on the Massey Report on Canadian culture in the late '40s, Woodcock offers at least the partial truths of the erudite and concerned thinker.

In this reader, Woodcock is made accessible to future generations and how they will judge him is, happily, their business. As a contemporary, all one can say is that Woodcock has taken the intellectual trends of his age very much to his heart. That, in the end, may be both his strength and his weakness.

Barbara Amiel

Half a shocker is better than none

ODD'S END
by Tim Wynne-Jones
(McClelland & Stewart $14.95)

The psychological suspense novel is a nasty bit of goods. This is the kind of book that keeps you flipping pages long into the night and leaves you counting nightmares instead of sheep. For the writer, creating ordinary people who are beset by an evil Unknown Force is the most difficult part of a difficult genre. It's not surprising, then, that Tim Wynne-Jones, winner of this year's $50,000 Seal First Novel Award, should fall a little short of the mark set by such accomplished mistresses of terror as Patricia Highsmith and Ruth Rendell.

These authors laid the ground rules



Wynne-Jones: brooding house, evil force

and *Odd's End* follows them all: a brooding house with a mysterious history of sudden death and suicide, an attractive young couple, Mary and Malcolm Close, a setting in an isolated stretch of the Nova Scotia coast, and, of course, an evil Unknown Force—in this case, an unknown interloper Mr. X makes himself so completely at home that a gourmet dinner, served on the family's heirloom dishes, arrives out of nowhere. From this tasty beginning, Wynne-Jones moves Mr. X right into the minds of his victims, controlling and manipulating them. Mary, the artist, is the most vulnerable. "My painting is painting itself. It's no use pretending it is. Malcolm having a little joke. His hand shakes so violently it is only good for brushing his teeth and besides he is color-blind. And who else could it be?" Mr. X is finishing Mary's painting not only in her own studio, but in her own style. Wynne-Jones, an artist himself, conveys exactly how terrifying that would be.

If all of *Odd's End* were this good it could have been the proverbial blockbuster, but there are two major flaws

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which make it only half a shocker. The first difficulty is Mr. X. It is understandable that Wynne-Jones should know more about art than lunacy, but his portrait of a psychopath obsessed by real estate isn't believable enough. With his Oxford don pretensions and his allusions to Greek myth, Mr. X spends far too much time totting up the value of the estate: "a late Turner sketch ... Chinese Chippendales ... Feraghan rug ... Frankenthaler in orange and crimson ... a Rothko." These passages read like a Sotheby's auction guide, not a prelude to horror. If X blabs on too long about himself, the Closes don't reveal enough. In a book with only three main characters, there must be time and clues to allow the reader to identify with the victims. Mary is summed up this way: "dark hair, rich, a little crazy." Malcolm is a bit of a bumbler. We know every detail of their furniture but we just don't get that goosepimply fear for their lives until the violent ending.

These are understandable errors of the first novelist and could have been corrected in one more boring rewrite. But one gets the impression that Wynne-Jones had that Dec. 13 Seal deadline hanging over his head, and pushed on. This is a pity, because the writing and plot of *Odd's End* are excellent and deserved that last little tinkering to make the book the tight and suspenseful thriller it could have been.

Margaret Cannon

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. **Firestarter, *King* (1)**
2. **Joshua Then and Now, *Richler* (2)**
3. **Rage of Angels, *Sheldon* (3)**
4. **The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum* (4)**
5. **The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre* (3)**
6. **Fanny, *Jong* (8)**
7. **Princess Daisy, *Krantz* (9)**
8. **Random Winds, *Plain* (6)**
9. **Solo, *Higgins* (7)**
10. **Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch* (10)**

NONFICTION

1. **The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, *Barton* (2)**
2. **The Third Wave, *Toffler* (1)**
3. **Shalley, *Winters* (5)**
4. **Catch Me If You Can, *Abagnale* (4)**
5. **How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation (revised edition), *Shulman* (3)**
6. **James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Harriot* (7)**
7. **Music for Chameleons, *Capote***
8. **Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese* (5)**
9. **The Real War, *Nixon* (9)**
10. **Michelle Remembers, *Smith & Pazder***

() Rest on last week

ty'pewriter (-pri-) *n.* Machine for writing in characters like those used in printing, by pressing keys to actuate steel types that strike paper through inked ribbon; (arch.) typist. [f. TYPE¹ + WRITER]

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English, 6th Edition

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The heart of privacy bared in public

By Lawrence O'Toole

Certain paintings by Edward Hopper featuring solitary, inanimate subjects—an empty room with sun spilling into it, a road running into the horizon like a shot at an impossible target, a sailboat pencilled into the blue summer haze—seem to have been drawn from a place called Middle-of-Nowhere. They evoke that brilliant chapter in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* where she describes the effects of the passage of time on a vacated house still alive with the memories of people who had once lived in it. Indeed, Hopper painted a number of houses and lighthouses, which sit on the canvases with a frenzied stillness. The people in Hopper's paintings, disaffected if not desolate, sit in hotel rooms, theatres or all-night diners with an abstracted look on their faces—people who have lived too long without any kind of emotional air conditioning.

Even a better than nodding acquaintance with Hopper's work doesn't prepare the viewer for the intensity of the exhibition at New York's Whitney Museum. Boasting some 350 pieces, which makes this the largest retrospective yet of the artist's work, the show will run until Jan. 18, moving on to other bookings in Europe and North America until 1982, after which it will entertain a long waiting list of other galleries. Hopper (1882-1967) was signing drawings when he was 10, worked as a commercial artist, had his first professional one-man show when he was 42 and carried coal up to his studio in Washington Square for 54 years. A quiet and private man (he remained married to his wife—and model—Jo for 43 years), Hopper is now generally recognised as the greatest American realist of the 20th century. Although there are many seascapes, desert scenes and Wyeth-like country houses, the exhibition reveals Hopper to be, foremost, a chronicler of urban blight before the actual physical deterioration had set in. His city was New York and his representations linger, durable as a landmark in themselves, on large, commanding canvases.

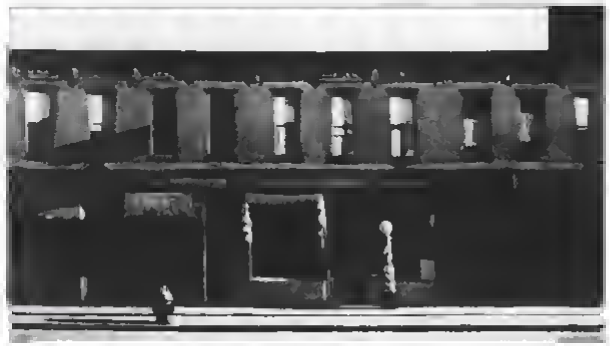
In several cases, watching the progress of ideas from pencil sketch to oil, you can apprehend the private, creative mind at work. And you can also spot influences: there was a not particularly successful but by no means dishonorable fling with impressionism in Paris, where he learned a great deal about light. But Hopper was temperamentally closer to Manet than Monet (there are



'Tables for Ladies' spying on habitués of hotel lobbies and automats



'Nighthawks' (above), 'Early Sunday Morning' an attempt to pinpoint the private moment and the solitary side of life in New York City

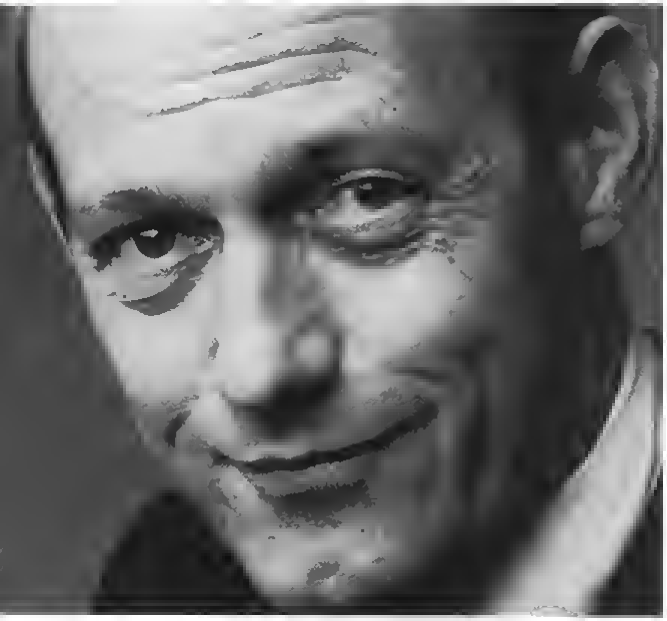


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ARNOLD NEWMAN

Hopper: pining loneliness put on canvas

several study sketches of Manet's paintings in the show) and forsook the brilliance of impressionistic color for the darker, greyer hues of his own turn of mind. That turn of mind became distilled in his prime, which began in the '20s and flourished all the way into the '60s, the period of his great works *Hotel Room*, *Early Sunday Morning*, *Nighthawks* and *New York Movie*.

Those pictures of sad, strange pensiveness, of faces with a faraway look, reach out from their canvases—but it's the viewer who draws them out, frustrated by being shut out of the action. Even Hopper's perspective is voyeuristic, spying on habitués of hotel lobbies and automats. If the exhibition reveals anything at all, it's that Hopper's work, whether it deals with people or objects, is an attempt to pinpoint the private moment. The most amazing—and telling—section of the show is a series of self-portraits done from 1900 to 1930. Hopper's eyes, as in virtually every one of his paintings, disclose nothing; they're barbed-wire fences. A portrait of his mother is equally mysterious, equally forbidding. Perhaps that is his dictum at its most lucid, *you can never really know*. Not even with your mother. Is the ineffably sad, nearly undressed woman in *Hotel Room* (1931) reading a letter from her lover, from a prospective employer or from home? What are the sunbathers of *People in the Sun* (1960) thinking about as they look out at the arid landscape? In the portrait of his sister Marion, why does she have an aspect of terror while reaching for (or placing) her coat on a hook?

The haunting isolations perceived and shown so sympathetically by Hopper ostensibly stayed with him throughout his life. It would be comforting to think that his art was the best form of therapy: that all that pining loneliness was transferred onto canvas rather than suffered through. ◇

Theatre

The reign of dissension

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT
by Eugene O'Neill
Directed by Robin Phillips

Tragedy begins at home, and nowhere has this been more evident recently than at Stratford's troubled festival. Onstage, two domestic tyrants—Shakespeare's King Lear and O'Neill's James Tyrone—sow the seeds of dissension and downfall, offstage, a third household tyrant, artistic director Robin Phillips, until recently hero-worshipped by the festival board for transforming the theatre into Canada's leading classical company, has reigned (again), instigating family feuds among board members, administrative staff and actors, leaving all concerned desperate for any final solution.

Phillips' resignation from Stratford's top job had been announced this summer, but his continuing participation in the festival's artistic planning and as a director was not in question. Now, apparently, he will not return at all in 1981. The biggest bone of contention has been the cancellation of *King Lear*'s tour to London in December; this prompted its star, Peter Ustinov, stung by ingratitude and the loss of an estimated $500,000 in movie contracts, to sue the festival for breach of contract. In other developments, the bulky two-tier artistic directorate that was to replace Phillips has been winnowed down to director Pam Brighton, actress and director Martha Henry, festival literary manager Urjo Kareda and festival associate director Peter Moss (a group uncharitably dubbed the "Gang of Four" by *Toronto Star* theatre critic Gina Mallet).

But the bloodletting and tear-shedding are clearly not over yet. Nationalist fuel was also poured over these disputes when the board recently ignored possible Canadian nominees and invited England's Peter Stevens, an international administrative executive who was with New York's Schubert Organization, to become the festival's general manager. Next week's instalments of Who Killed Cock Robin could see Phillips back feistier than ever and the Gang of Four duly sacrificed in reprisal for the board's temerity.

Meanwhile, the show goes on. Phillips' recently opened *Long Day's Journey*, while not great theatre, is good enough to make the prospect of his total absence from the festival genuinely regrettable. He has taken no chances with O'Neill's harrowing illustration of the premise that if Hell is other people, its most infernal regions are one's immediate family. Scrupulous homage is paid to each loving twist of the knife and every hate-prompted hug, and all passions are clearly exposed and logically played out in the fading summer light that illuminates Susan Benson's dingy sepia set.



ROBERT C. HAGGART

Carver and Tandy: the most infernal regions of Hell are one's immediate family

O'Neill's autobiographical life-in-a-day is more sauna than play, a scouring experience the audience endures because, rightly or wrongly, overexposure to truth is considered good for soul. William Hutt's Tyrone, the skinflint Irish paterfamilias whose miserly nature breaks the health of his wife, Mary, and younger son, Edmund, is a masterful portrait as expressive in physical gesture and vocal intonation as it is dramatically powerful. Mary, a morphine addict under constant surveillance by her family, is ultimately driven half-mad by paranoia and longing for the past, but by overemphasizing the character's frailty, especially in the early moments, Jessica Tandy pushes the production dangerously close to melodrama. Miscast as the older son, Jamie, Graeme Campbell further unbalances the alignment of emotional forces with his potent baritone, an instrument he can't sufficiently control as he plumbs the alcoholic depths of Jamie's weakness. Despite some amateurish drunken lurching, Brent Carver as Edmund (O'Neill's persona) is suitably tender and poetic.

Journey is endless, and ultimately the voyage only redeems itself when its weighty burden of home truths is recognized, painfully, by the audience. In these terms, Phillips' production succeeds quite well and is in fact indicative of where his real talent lies. He lacks the sustained comprehensive vision demanded by Shakespeare's histories and tragedies. For example, he has roughhewed *Lear* to his own ends by discarding the issues of kingship and focusing on finely carved domestic shavings to ignite the dramatic flames. Phillips does excel in the more mundane, inexplicit, intuitive byways of the heart mapped in the dark comedies like *Measure for Measure*, or in this season's *Virginia* and *The Seagull*. It's a very particular and unique talent. Stratford will be the less if he departs for good.

Mark Czarnecki

A great man admits his mistakes.
A great pen erases them.





Cariou, deep in the bogs of treachery

ROBERT C RAGSDALE

When you wish upon a star

MACBETH
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Edward Gilbert

"I wanted to open with a bit of éclat, something exciting and theatrical," says Toronto Arts Productions' new artistic director, Edward Gilbert, explaining his choice of *Macbeth* to lead off the 1980-81 season. Shakespeare's tragedy of Highland regicide is considered jinxed in theatre circles (the first Lady Macbeth died during its opening run in 1606 and Peter O'Toole's current London revival has been termed "Macflop" by the critics), so Gilbert's plans to revitalize southern Ontario's hatless regional theatre obviously include no potential favors from the gods.

Len Cariou as Macbeth helps, though, and despite Gilbert's insouciance about tackling "the Scottish play" Cariou's performance is about all that saves this production from disaster. Fresh from his 1979 Tony-winning role as Sweeney Todd, courted by the Stratford Festival for its ephemeral artistic directorate, Cariou seems to be scaling new career peaks each year. In *Macbeth* he justifies his billing with a solid interpretation that expands visibly as the noble thane sinks deeper into the bogs of superatitious self-delusion and treachery. But it's a triumph in a vacuum—once Lady Macbeth (Anne Anglin) exits, going mad, the high-school acting level of the "supporting" cast (Barbara March's Lady Macduff very notably excepted) contributes so little they might just as well have sat and watched instead of cluttering up Mark Negin's neolithic hi-tech set. Anglin and Cariou do strike sparks in their first scenes, lusting in love before lusting for power, but Anglin's strong characterization is dissipated by her sylphlike presence and over-literal gesticulation.

Gleams of creative insight dot this production but none ever erupts into brilliance. Although Cariou recites one impassioned speech in an electrifying whisper, the other lords are articulate on two levels only—bored or hysterical. Director and designer are continually at odds, the complicated stage machinery and costume design disrupt dramatic tension and Gilbert's stodgy blocking. Navar realizes the potential for fluid movement created by Negin's spiral nebula of a forestage. Only the three witches are an unqualified success—after prompting initial uneasiness that they are gay with a penchant for sadism (probably not what Shakespeare had in mind), the twisted trio (Don Macquarrie, Hardee T. Lineham and Philip Craig) hunker down around their cauldron like Jacobean Galloping Gourmets and powerfully counterpoint Macbeth's tormented imaginings with graphic horrors like pilots' thumbs and ears plucked fresh onstage.

Although Gilbert has attempted a grand coup and failed with his maiden effort, the rest of TAP's season—including the two new plays *A Little Something to Ease the Pain*, the first produced work by young Cuban Canadian playwright René Aloma, and David French's latest, *Me and T.S. Eliot*—presents many opportunities for redemption. "We've come a long way with new writing," says Gilbert. "Toronto has developed a passion for it, and the idea of a major theatre presenting new works is now accepted here just as it is in London or New York." His assessment is undoubtedly accurate—Gilbert, for many years artistic director of the Manitoba Theatre Centre, is adept at upping season subscriptions ("the hottest ticket in town" blare the flyers). Advance sales for *Macbeth* prompted a week's holdover even before the show opened. But star-studded though the season may be, Gilbert must brighten up the surrounding heavens considerably before TAP's goal of becoming a first-magnitude theatre can be realized.

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Column

It hasn't been called The Establishment for nothing



By Allan Fotheringham

There are several characteristics of the Canadian Establishment. It is feudal in nature. It is very protective of its own. And it is WASP. Most of all it is White Anglo-Saxon Protestant—and determined to stay so. It is the Orange Lodge in pinstripes. Robert Campeau, the millionaire Ottawa developer, now knows this. I mean, he *knew* it before, but now he's had his nose rubbed into that fact. The Canadian Establishment always plays by the rules, but it plays dirty. Mr. Campeau understands arithmetic. That's how millionaires become millionaires. What he can't understand is what happened to the laws of arithmetic when he set out several weeks ago on a $413-million take-over bid for Royal Trustco, Canada's largest trust company.



ROY PETERSON

Royal Trustco is the very epitome of WASP-dom, run by the horsey set, discreet in manner, conservative in tone—and vicious in the boardroom when cornered. Campeau offered $21 for common shares to all Royal Trustco shareholders. When the well-paid and well-upholstered management of Royal Trustco put up a vigorous battle against the Campeau offer, the Ottawa outsider raised his offer to the shareholders to $23. To his astonishment the increased offer brought in fewer shares than the original one did. When it became clear the Establishment had successfully fended off this non-WASP, it came out that the friendly Toronto-Dominion Bank (for reasons known to itself and its friends) had lost $10 million while feverishly buying up shares to keep them away from Campeau.

When it was clear that the management of Royal Trustco, in the interests, among others, of keeping their own perks of office, had beaten back the higher bid, Campeau surrendered. He'd got only 20 per cent of the stock. The more he offered, the less he got. Arithmetic didn't count, the Establishment did. In *The Vertical Mosaic*, the brilliant book that proved Canada still operates under the class system, sociologist John Porter pointed out 15 years ago that "the world of the economic elite appears as a complex network of small groupings interlocked by a high degree of cross membership. Throughout this network runs a thin, but nonetheless perceptible, thread of kinship."

Robert Campeau should talk to Paul Desmarais, another non-WASP. He undoubtedly has, and still won't learn.

Desmarais is from unfashionable, grubby Sudbury, where there isn't much of a horsey set. He started out with 16 old buses in Sudbury in 1951 and he ain't done bad. He parlayed it into the $7-billion complex called Power Corporation of Canada. An ambitious lad, and since he had conquered Sudbury and Montreal he decided to take on Toronto, the mecca of the Canadian Establishment. He assumed he had established some credentials. It was in Friday-night meetings in the Power Corp. offices in Montreal in early 1968 that the Pierre Trudeau plans for the Liberal leadership campaign were devised. Two months after his election, the new prime minister of Canada was a guest at Desmarais' summer home.

By 1969 the Sudbury outsider had acquired 10 per cent of the stock of Argus, the home of Bud McDougald, E. P. Taylor and, later, Conrad Black—the home of WASP-dom. He expected to be invited to join the Argus board. He never was. Six years later, he made an audacious take-over bid for Argus. McDougald and the Establishment banks, of course, fought him off. It cost Desmarais $70 million to learn that WASPs don't like outsiders, especially French-Canadians, trying to cut in on Toronto.

The two French-Canadians could have asked Sam Bronfman before he died. Bronfman, of course, was an outsider who had made too much money out of whisky and was trying to buy his way into the Canadian Establishment. He wanted to become a governor of McGill, the tony WASP university where, incredibly, Jewish males had to have averages of at least 75 per cent, rather than the usual marks, to be admitted. He was blocked by the veto of sugar magnate John McConnell and had to wait until 1965, after McConnell died, to be accepted. Bronfman tried to purchase a seat in the Senate. The Liberal party, the government branch of the Canadian Establishment, did not have the courage to appoint the country's first Jewish senator, David Croll, until 1955. But it was not adverse to taking Sam's money. Over a decade he contributed some $1.2 million to the Liberal slush fund. His agent in the matter was Maxwell Henderson, later Canada's auditor-general. The Liberals, being the Liberals, slyly led Bronfman on with the hint of a Senate seat always in the offing. They cleverly waited until Bronfman was 75 (legislation the previous year made that the upper limit for appointments) and then appointed a more acceptable Jew, Lazarus Phillips—who had just 31 months left before his own 75th birthday.

In *The Canadian Corporate Elite*, Wallace Clement concludes: "Canada has been and remains a society controlled by elites. With increasing economic concentration over the past 20 years, the structure has become increasingly closed, thus making it more difficult for those outside the inner circles of power to break through."

Ask Robert Campeau. Ask Paul Desmarais. Ask Sam Bronfman, still muttering in his grave.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.

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